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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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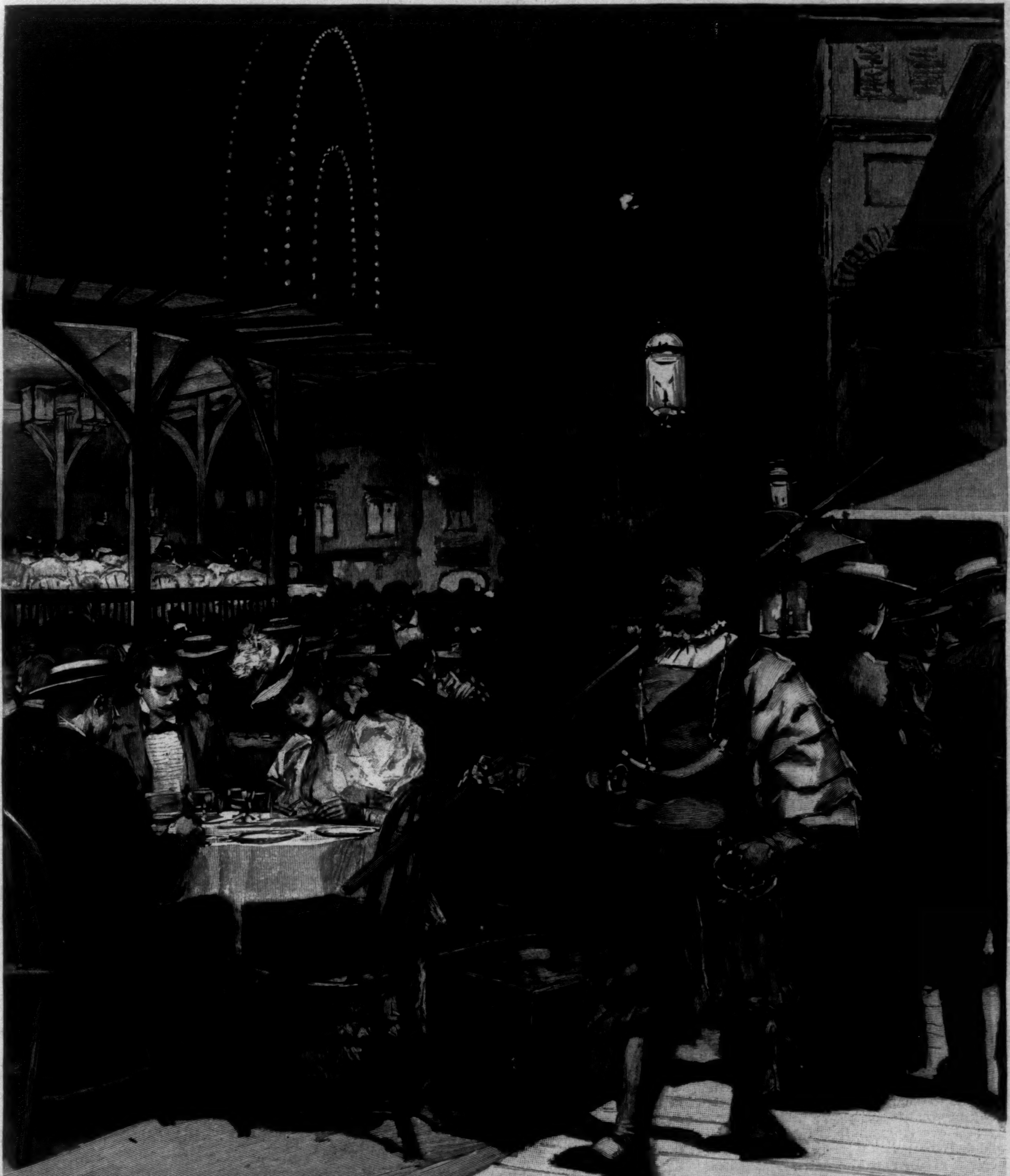

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING AT OLD VIENNA.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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ENEMIES OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

WE cannot remember in the political history of any country an exhibition of more undisguised, glaring private selfishness as against the public welfare than we find in the attitude of the silver kings and their attorneys in the Senate of the United States. The distress caused by the present business crisis is growing at a shocking rate; from day to day more and more failures of business concerns that would be perfectly solvent but for the difficulty of obtaining money on good security, more and more manufacturing establishments closed, and more and more thousands of working-men turned into the street, for the same reason. And nobody can tell how far the ruin may spread, unless something be done to remove the cause of the general distrust. What this something should consist in is pointed out by the almost unanimous voice of the business community all over the country. There is not a town large enough to have a chamber of commerce or a board of trade, East or West, North or South, only excepting the silver-producing States, that has not in the most emphatic language called for the prompt repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act as the very first thing necessary to allay the prevailing distrust, and to render possible a revival of that confidence without which business cannot prosper. The very fact of the generality of this demand proves under existing circumstances conclusively that the remedy asked for is the right one. Want of confidence is the source of the trouble. When now all classes of the business community declare with substantial unanimity that by a certain act their confidence will be restored, when, in other words, the very men whose confidence is to be revived say that this act will do it, then it is certainly the thing to be done.

Senator TELLER, from Colorado, feeling the strength of this argument, seeks to ward it off by saying: "The clamor for the repeal of the SHERMAN act does not come from the productive agencies of the country, not from the men who created the wealth of the country. It comes from the money centres, and from them alone." Senator TELLER knows that this is not true. New York city may be called a "money centre," so may Boston, and perhaps Philadelphia and Chicago. But is Omaha in any sense a "money centre," or St. Louis, or Louisville, or Memphis, or Nashville, or Baltimore, or Pittsburg, or Atlanta, or Charleston, or Cincinnati, or Cleveland, or Milwaukee, or Minneapolis, or St. Paul, or Kansas City? Every "productive agency" in the country, except perhaps silver-mining, is represented in these places, and the business men of all of them are substantially of one mind. A man like Mr. BLAND, whose brain has room for only one idea, and that a mistaken one, may not see the significance of this fact. But men of ability like Senators TELLER, JONES, WOLCOTT, STEWART, and others certainly see it. They see just as clearly while they are constantly talking of their devotion to bimetallism that the continuance of the silver purchases will make bimetallism utterly impossible, and land us with the certainty of fate upon the silver basis. But knowing all this, they insist that the silver-purchase clause of the SHERMAN act shall not be repealed. No matter how large the popular majority against them, and how small a minority in their favor, they will resort to every parliamentary trick within their reach to defeat that majority, and to make the interests of that minority prevail. No matter what becomes of their pretended idol bimetallism, no matter how much the commerce and industries of the country are exposed to disaster, no matter how many business concerns are thrown into bankruptcy, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of working-people are delivered over to want and misery, these Senators want a higher price for their silver, and to obtain this end they are ready to resort to any misuse of their power, and to sacrifice everybody and everything. It is the most brazen "stand-and-deliver" policy this country has ever beheld. In view of the appalling circumstances surrounding us these men have no reason to complain when they are called enemies of the public welfare.

They find aid and comfort at the headquarters of another kind of selfishness. The American people will do well in these days to have a keen eye on Senator GORMAN, from Maryland. He has sometimes been called the evil genius, the Mephistopheles, of the Democratic party. He seems to be about to establish for himself a new title to that name. By a political alliance with the worst elements of society he managed to win control over the Democratic organization in his State. He belongs to that class of politicians who never hesitate to sacrifice the interest of the country to the interest of their party, and the interest of their party to their own. Every movement in favor of good morals in politics will be sure to find in Senator GORMAN a determined foe. It was he who at the beginning of Mr. CLEVELAND'S first term demanded of him, on account of campaign services rendered, an appointment of which he must have known that it would throw doubt upon Mr. CLEVELAND'S intentions as a reformer, and be an unending trouble and disgrace to the administration. It was he who opposed and derided every step in the way of reform by the President of his party. It was he who seduced the Democrats of the Senate in the struggle against the force bill to vote for free silver coinage in order to gain the favor of the Senators from the silver-producing States, although the fight might have been fought and won by straightforward means. This was his great achievement as the Democratic leader of the Senate, and, as every sane man could foresee, it has been a most prolific breeder of mischief. He has the ambition not only to be the leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate, but to be the leader of the Democracy of the country, and to be nominated and elected President of the United States. At the last National Convention he appeared with a handful of henchmen, in appearance not unfriendly to CLEVELAND, but eagerly watching for a chance to stab him in the back and to leap over his corpse into the place of leadership.

Now he seems to be at his old game again. The calamities under which the country is suffering urgently demand a remedy. Public opinion with singular unanimity points out what the remedy is. President CLEVELAND straightforwardly and convincingly proposes it. He patriotically proclaims that the interests of the country are here superior to any party interests, and should be considered alone. But Senator GORMAN will not follow President CLEVELAND'S lead. He wants to be the leader himself, and, in order to show how valuable he is to the party, he maintains that a measure of relief must be found and proposed upon which all the Democrats in Congress can unite. And this he seeks in some mysterious way to accomplish, while, as a sane man, he must know that no measure that is acceptable to the free-silver-coinage Democrats can possibly satisfy the needs of the country. It must be evident to him, as it is to every candid person, that if the only effective remedy for our present ills, the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase clause, is to be carried, it must be straightforwardly demanded and fought for with the utmost determination and vigor, and that the worst thing to be done is to seek for a compromise to begin with. And in thus insidiously endeavoring to demoralize his army before the fight, Senator GORMAN is in a fair way to earn for himself, too, a place among the enemies of the public welfare.

If the Democrats in Congress confide themselves to the guidance of Mephistopheles, there is no doubt as to where the journey of the party will end. It is to be hoped that the honest patriots among them will rise up and relieve themselves of such wicked and pernicious leadership.

THE BERING SEA CONTROVERSY.

THE decision of the High Tribunal of Arbitration gives to the United States practically all that they desire and ask for. The seal is so carefully protected from destruction that it is difficult to see how pelagic sealing may still be a remunerative occupation. Whatever technical triumph the British government may have secured in defeating the legal propositions of the United States, the Canadian sealers will find their occupation gone. They rebelled against the agreement entered into between Mr. PHELPS and Lord SALISBURY as destructive of what they were pleased to call their "industry." Yet the decision places them in a much less favorable situation than the one which the governments of Great Britain and the United States were satisfied to accept as a compromise of the then existing differences.

Some criticisms in the press reflect upon the conduct of the negotiations by Mr. BLAINE, and impute to that statesman a manifest effort to overreach Great Britain by the formulation of unwarrantable demands; others insist that his absurd pretence that Bering Sea is a closed sea made our case ridiculous from the outset, and condemned the United States to inevitable failure. A careful examination of the diplomatic correspondence and of the facts will show that injustice is done to Mr. BLAINE. True, he did, in grouping together all the arguments that militated in favor of the United States, make the claim that Bering Sea may be treated as a *mare clausum;* but this was evidently in his mind a mere incident to the principal grounds which he advanced; his letters are before our people to show that he brought together, in masterly arrangement, every possible reason based on law, humanity, expediency, or right of which the case admitted. We have looked in vain through the arguments of counsel for any point of which the germ, at least, was not contained in this correspondence. Thus much we deem it due to Mr. BLAINE to state: whatever his faults, he cannot be charged in this instance with having lacked either patriotism or intelligence.

The decision itself deserves careful study. It appears to have been framed upon the theory that the United States were right in the substance of their claim, and that the seal should be treated as practically, though not in theory, their property. Indeed, it may not be extravagant to argue that the protection being in fact accorded, it is more expedient from our stand-point that it should flow from an agreement binding upon both nations rather than from a conception of exclusive property right, which might cause serious practical difficulty in its enforcement. As the decision stands, it is equally the duty of Great Britain and the United States to prevent a violation of provisions which virtually possess—in fact possess—the dignity and binding force of treaty stipulations. In the one case, the exclusive duty of police in the Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean would have devolved upon the United States; now it is incumbent upon both to exercise it in good faith for the protection of the seal. It is fair to add that we shall not look for exceptional diligence in the performance of this duty by Great Britain, as the benefits of protection almost, if not quite, exclusively belong to the United States, but it is something that the duty at least exists.

It is apparent that the tribunal was largely affected in rendering its decision by the nauseous details of indiscriminate destruction which were accumulated in the American case and commented upon by the counsel for the United States. The reckless killing of gravid and nursing females could not but tend to the extermination of the seal family. The process of killing was shown to be brutal and revolting in the extreme. It is not an extravagant assumption that the arbitrators concluded that the business of pelagic sealing was to be severely dealt with, and that they may have felt, as Mr. PHELPS and Mr. BLAINE earnestly insisted, that the pursuit of the seal at sea, with its accompanying and revolting details, was *contra bonos mores*, and, from the standpoint of humanity, a crime.

The difficulties thrown in the way of the pelagic sealers may not amount to absolute prohibition, but they so closely approach interdiction as to make the line of demarcation a shadowy one. The British counsel insisted that the United States could not properly claim exclusive dominion over the sea beyond the *three-mile* limit. The tribunal probably assented to this, but extended it, by virtue of its own authority, to sixty miles all around the islands. The same counsel argued with equal earnestness that the North Pacific Ocean was not embraced in the area of water over which the regulations might extend, but this contention was brushed aside, and rules made extending over a portion of the Pacific Ocean as well as the Bering Sea.

But the unkindest cut of all, that which the Canadian sealers feel most keenly, is the interdiction of fire-arms and explosives generally. What weapon of destruction they will devise remains to be seen, unless they accept the situation and try another path to fortune. Permission to B to fish in A's brook would not seem very valuable if the use of fish-hooks were interdicted. Shot-guns and rifles *alone* are now used, so that the inventive faculty in the use of destructive devices will have to be appealed to, or the seal business will belong exclusively to the United States. Nets might be used in the Aleutian Straits, and pups occasionally caught, but a bull seal weighing eight hundred pounds might occasionally find momentary embarrassment if he struck such an impediment, in which case the damage to the sealer would be measured by the cost of a new net.

Beyond and above all the advantages or disadvantages that either party may enjoy or suffer, the world is a gainer by the mere fact that such an arbitration was had and a result reached that both sides cheerfully accept. When two of the leading powers of the world concede that there is a better way out of international disputes than war, the immediate benefit to each is of small importance when compared with the great stride that the human race has taken in the blessed path of peace.

THE NEW PHASE OF THE CURRENCY.

THE closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver, and the consequent collapse of the silver market, brought our currency question suddenly and unexpectedly to a new stage. Whatever the assumption of steadfastness among our silver enthusiasts, it is clear that the free coinage of silver no longer will be seriously urged. Even before the collapse no sober and well-informed person could believe what the silve men tried to show, that under free coinage silver would rise to par, and the silver dollar circulate on equal terms with the gold dollar. But there was at least a possible ground for arguing that this result would ensue, and some of the silver advocates certainly were honest in their faith that the United States could bring it about. Now, however, the cause is hopeless. Single-handed the United States cannot be expected, even by the most ardent friend of silver, to bring the price of the metal in gold to the figure of $1 29 an ounce, or to raise its price in a degree to correspond to any ratio proposed for free coinage. It is clear as day that free silver must bring a cheap and debased money standard; and when the question is thus nakedly presented to the American people, the answer from the vast majority is beyond doubt.

Not only free coinage, but the Sherman act, is discredited by the new phase of the silver question. And this notwithstanding the fact that the direct result of the new conditions is to diminish rather than increase the dangers of that measure. While we have never believed that the Sherman act was so directly and solely the cause of the panicky feeling of the last few months as some of our fellow-opponents of that measure have urged, it undoubtedly contributed much to shattering confidence, and so promoting financial embarrassment. The collapse of the silver market and the President's admirable message to Congress have improved the situation by increasing the probability of the eventual repeal of the dangerous legislation. But in another aspect that legislation has become less dangerous than it was. The real and permanent evil which threatened from the Sherman act was the issue of currency to excess—an evil which was not the less real and serious because it might take some years to make itself felt. The sudden fall in the price of silver has unexpectedly diminished the evil. The Sherman act provides for the monthly purchase of four and a half million ounces of silver, and for the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of the purchase price of that quantity of silver. With silver at $1 an ounce, the monthly issue of notes was $4,500,000. With silver at 70 cents an ounce, the monthly issue would be only $3,150,000. The difference between these two sums may possibly be the difference between an excessive issue and one which, on the whole, is not greater than the rapid growth of the country's population and trade makes innocuous. It is true that even at the present low price of silver the issue of Treasury notes remains ominously large; but it may fairly be said that the present situation contains in less degree the permanent elements of danger. Danger enough it contains at best; and the reasons for the repeal of the act are not the less strong because for the moment its evils are somewhat diminished.

But the change serves also to bring into prominence the absurdity of the present system. The growth of our currency under the Sherman act depends on the price of silver, rising as that rises, falling as that falls. When the act was passed, it looked as if it would bring excessive issues; now it is possible that the issues are no longer excessive; it might conceivably turn out in the future, if the price of silver should fall very much more, not to provide for enough currency. Here is an evil in the system quite apart from the danger lurking in the background that the depreciated silver dollar may become the basis of our currency. We need to regulate our money supply on a more rational basis and in less haphazard amount. With the steady growth of our wealth and numbers, some addition to our currency supply must be provided for, and that provision should correspond to our real needs, and not be arranged (as the Sherman act virtually was) to supply a market for the product of the silver mines. The way to secure a currency that adapts itself to real needs is the old and familiar one approved by experience—bank-note issues fully and amply secured.

THE VALUE OF DEBATE.

There is an opportunity at this juncture to radically reform the House of Representatives. Before the expiration of the present extraordinary session of Congress the country and its legislators are likely to have an admirable object-lesson as to the value of debate, and to appreciate the necessity of reforming the rules of procedure to encourage discussion.

A good deal of ignorant contempt has been poured out recently over the institution of debate. A daily newspaper gravely announced at the outset of the present session that debate of the silver question is unnecessary. Is it so? What, then, has produced the change of mind evinced by Judge Patterson and Congressman Brown, members of Congress, who have heretofore favored free coinage, but who are now both of them for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, while Judge Patterson announces that he believes in the necessity of the single gold standard? These conversions bear no resemblance to the miraculous change of heart wrought in St. Paul. They were the result of discussion, of conversation with men familiar with the subject of finance, of editorials in newspapers, pamphlets, and books, of speeches and lectures, and of debates in Congress. Changes of mind are wrought in this way, and in our system of government a large legislative body means, theoretically at least, that we believe that legislation should be intelligent decision following debate which should give to all the members the benefit of the learning, the thought, and the wisdom of each. If the framers of our Constitution had desired government by edict, they would have provided for an unhampered Czar instead of a President and Congress.

Debate in Congress is of vastly more importance than appears at first thought. It is not only beneficial to the Congressmen who listen to it, many of whom know little of the subject, especially if, like the silver question, it is at all abstruse, and are not likely to do much investigation on their own account. Such men are more inclined to listen to the voice of their constituents than to the voice of a Congressman from another section of the country. What they want is the approval of their districts, rather than the commendation of their consciences and the satisfaction of their intellects. There are many others, however, like Judge Patterson and Mr. Brown, who really desire enlightenment, and who patiently and industriously seek it. These men act, of course, with a due regard to the wishes of their constituents, but, being convinced themselves, they have sufficient confidence in their own powers to believe that they will be able to show the voters at home that their action in Congress was right. These men are often numerous enough to make the balance of power on a question that is not partisan.

Beyond the halls of Congress debate is of equal and sometimes more importance than in Congress itself. It reaches the constituencies of both the weak and the strong man. It goes where metropolitan newspapers do not go, and where, if they did go, they would not accomplish the end, because they do not print the debates. The Congressman sends home the *Record* and the pamphlet editions of the leading speeches of a debate, and these are eagerly read and discussed throughout the rural districts. In this way the debate that goes on in Congress is heard throughout the country, and is influential. The people of the thickly settled portions of the country are often astonished by the information concerning Federal affairs that they find on scattered farms and in remote hamlets. This information is derived from the public documents which the Congressmen are at the pains of sending home from Washington. There is no single agency so potent for the enlightenment of the country as a thorough debate in Congress. If the Senate votes as Mr. Vest threatens, after the long debate which now seems possible, the Missouri Senator and his silver friends from the mining States will be surprised by the intelligence with which the people will vote, and the information and sound sense they will display on the issue which the demagogues, the misguided, the speculators, and the mine-owners are now beclouding with falsehood and sophistry.

By all means let the debate go on, especially if there is any present doubt of the lack of common-sense or common integrity in the Senate. And let the leaders of the House take advantage of their opportunity to make rules that will ensure debate on all important measures; for debate, besides enlightening Congress and the country, will lead to legislation that will benefit instead of harass, that will make laws plain instead of obscure, that will relieve the courts of a large part of the burden of interpreting doubtful statutes, and consequently will enable them to give more time to their appointed duty of doing justice between man and man.

BEEFSTEAK AND REFORM.

There has been trouble on Long Island. There has been a contest over a question of good government. Village fathers have fallen out. The heads of households have been embroiled, and, saddest of all, reform has been vanquished by beefsteak.

It is not a long story, but it is true, and it is fraught with instruction. There was suspicion—unjust, it may be, but suspicion—and it crept even into the Board of Trustees. A reformer, or at least an apparent reformer, was chosen to be a village father. He wanted to know, and in his eager efforts after knowledge he wanted to know too much for the comfort of one at least of his coadjutors. He probed into the secrets and mysteries, and drew deductions from the facts he guessed to the injury of the feelings of the trustee who sold meat.

It was not only that this trustee sold meat that made him an important element in society, but it was that he was the only man in the village who sold meat that made him two or three times, or at least once, a day the most important element in society. Whatever accusation the reformer made—and it was one of those charges which constitute the current daily history of small municipalities—the butcher took the odium upon himself, and resented the imputations with a vigor worthy of his calling. It may be said, indeed, that there was a personal encounter arising from the butcher's resentment of the imputation that he thought was intended by the reformer's speech. He struck out, as it were, for what he regarded his sacred honor.

"Friends separated them." Such was the conclusion of the newspaper report of the affray; but such was not its real conclusion. The reformer had intended to make an effort in behalf of good government, and he doubtless went to his home after the eventful meeting with a bruised body but a contented mind. He felt that he had at least begun the accomplishment of the purpose for which he entered politics.

The incident was not closed, however. The butcher, though a politician, had the feelings of a man, and brought his domestic and commercial relations into his public affairs. He gave orders that no meat should be supplied to the reformer's family, and without meat reform could not prosper. For several days the reformer and his family went hungry for principle's sake, but at last nature, or the family, got the better of the reformer. He went to the butcher and begged for a steak, the which the butcher gave him with tears streaming down his erstwhile suspected cheeks. The reformer yielded. He called the butcher by his nickname, once so familiar on those stern lips from which hunger had at last driven the accents of reform. The effort for good government was over. A beefsteak was the obstacle in the way of improvement in Whitestone.

Once more the ideal had succumbed to the materialistic. Once more the joint had been found in a reformer's armor.

WILL CROQUET COME AGAIN?

Disclaiming utterly the epithet of alarmist, the Weekly nevertheless finds it necessary, in the interests of truth and the public welfare, to call attention to the fact that there appears to be a disposition in many quarters to revive the game of croquet. We fully understand that for several seasons the game has seemed to be impending, and that the country has escaped, but this is no reason why we should relax our vigilance, especially as the danger now seems more imminent than heretofore.

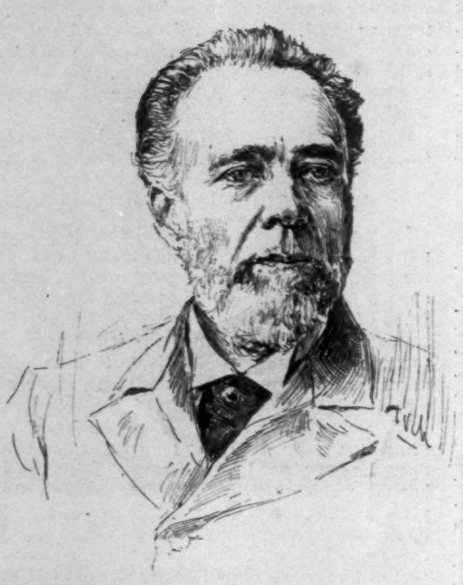
We are by no means ignorant of the fact that the game of croquet was never fully stamped out in this country. Sporadic cases have been numerous. But when we remember the virulence with which it raged fifteen or twenty years ago, and compare it with the practical freedom from its ravages which the country has enjoyed since that time, the reasonableness of a degree of apprehension at the prospect of its possible appearance as an epidemic becomes apparent. And it will be doubly so when we say that the game as it now threatens us seems to be in its most malignant form.

As proof that the croquet with which we may soon have to grapple is of an exceptionally fatal type, we have only to refer to a case which recently developed in Butler County, Iowa, as reported to the daily press in special despatches from Mason City. Two farmers named respectively James Fisher and Frederick Hardman were indulging in a game when the usual dispute arose and raged with great violence. It seems that Hardman had just attempted to make a particularly fine play when, owing to the inequalities of the ground, his ball went wide of the mark, finally rolling half-way up a tree, carroming on a rustic seat, and coming to rest in the worst possible position—a frequent experience in the game. This nettled Mr. Hardman, and he made some slighting remark to Fisher. Fisher replied, according to the ethics of the game, by charging Hardman with cheating. The usual fight followed, in which Hardman made the strongest play recognized by the rules, and struck Fisher on the head with his mallet. Fisher had strength enough to walk home, but died soon after reaching there.

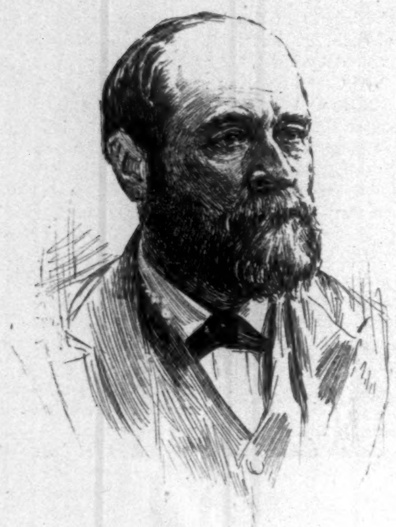
In this case it was a farmer who succumbed to the game, but we all know that croquet counts its greatest number of victims among the ranks of our young women. It is most apt to assume a dangerous character between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. During the last outbreak of the game in this country few young ladies between these ages wholly escaped its ravages. Many, of course, got through it without anything worse than calling their dearest friend a "mean thing," or a "horrid wretch," or being so denominated themselves; but others, alas! fell victims to the secondary stage of the game, and smote sister, brother, lover, schoolmate, or closest friend with the mallet, or were themselves so smitten by one of these. It was not often, perhaps, that even this type of the game resulted so seriously as it has just done in Iowa, but the number of young and middle-aged persons now living with sadly battered skulls and other physical deformities directly resulting from mallet blows is much greater than is generally known.

When we make these serious charges against croquet we may, perhaps, do the game, *per se*, an injustice. As a game it may not be much more productive of what is known to the police reporter as "bad blood" than the game which succeeded it—lawn-tennis. But as a direct cause of that other favorite of our police friend, "foul play," croquet overshadows lawn-tennis as a mountain overshadows a valley. It is the exceptional facilities offered by the ever-present mallet for assault and battery, mayhem, and similar crimes which make croquet the scourge which it is. In the light of the irritating and exasperating nature of the game itself the croquet mallet becomes a deadly weapon, and should be so recognized by legislatures and courts. No such execution can be done with the tennis racket as with the croquet mallet. It is whispered that repairers of sporting goods could, if they would, tell strange tales of tennis rackets brought to them with battered edges and sagged and broken-network; but the harm which can be done even by a vigorous and righteously indignant young lady on her friend or lover with a tennis racket is slight. She may, it is true, overtax her own strength in battering at the horrid thing, but recovery in this case is usually rapid. The crushing and breaking powers of the croquet mallet, however, are such as to make it feared by even the strongest; and when applied to the human head with quick, active strokes, seldom fails of producing marked results. If croquet could be played on an even surface, thus robbing it of its irritating and maddening features, and with rubber or light papier-maché mallets, thus taking away its facilities for hasty assault and unconsidered homicide, no doubt it would become an extremely desirable game.

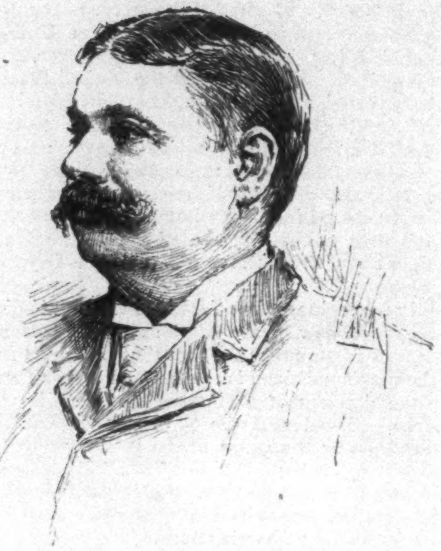
But it is idle to talk of changing croquet. The croquet which threatens us is the old croquet. Once let it fasten itself upon the country and it will be found that the balls will roll just as erratically, that your partner will find fault with your playing just as freely, that criminations and recriminations will fly about just as buoyantly, that your opponent will charge fraud just as openly, and that the sharp, ominous crack of the mallet as it does its deadly work will float out on the evening air with just as much regularity. What is wanted is a strong and systematic effort to prevent the game from again getting a foothold in this country.



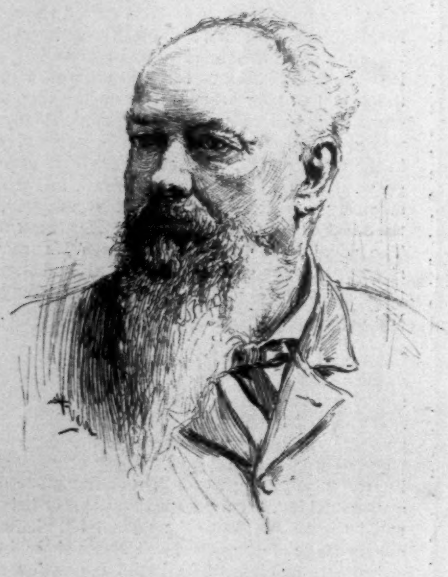
THE HON. HENRY M. TELLER.
Senator from Colorado.



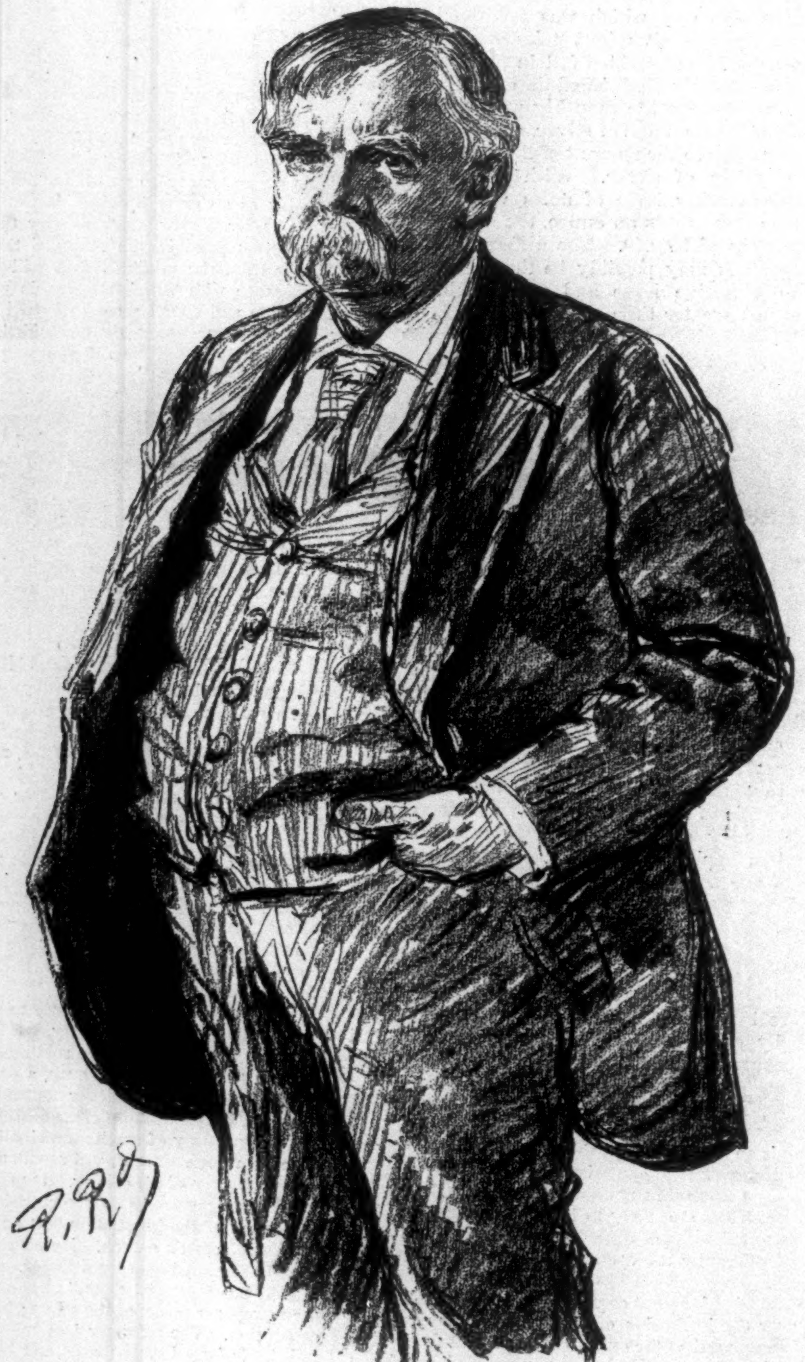
THE HON. RICHARD P. BLAND.
Representative from Missouri.



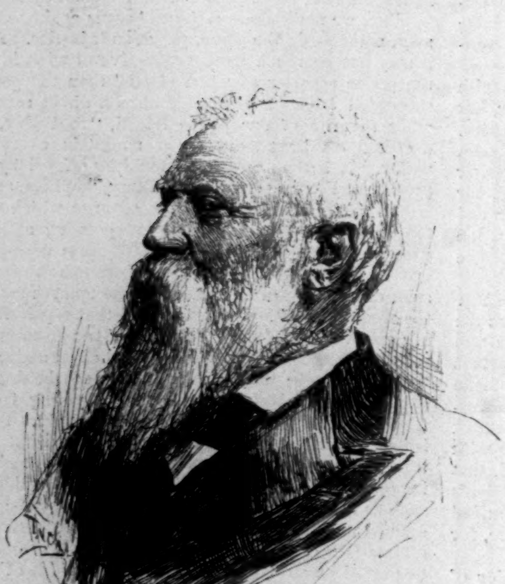
THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT.
Senator from Colorado.



THE HON. JOHN P. JONES.
Senator from Nevada.

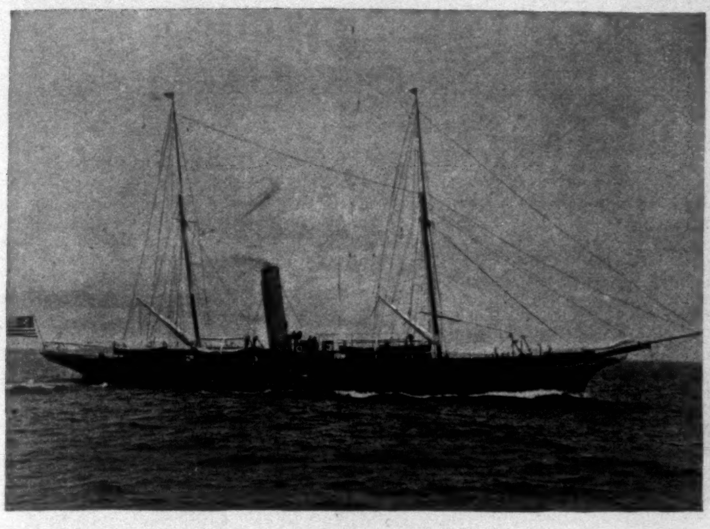


THE HON. GEORGE G. VEST.
Senator from Missouri.

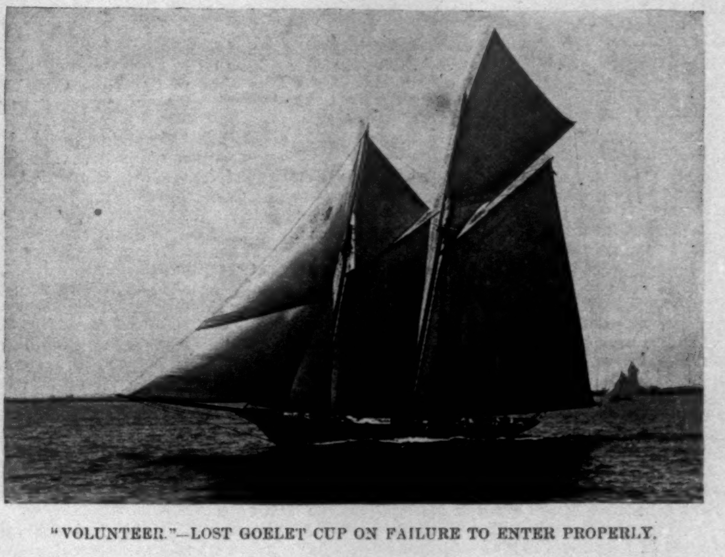


THE HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART.
Senator from Nevada.

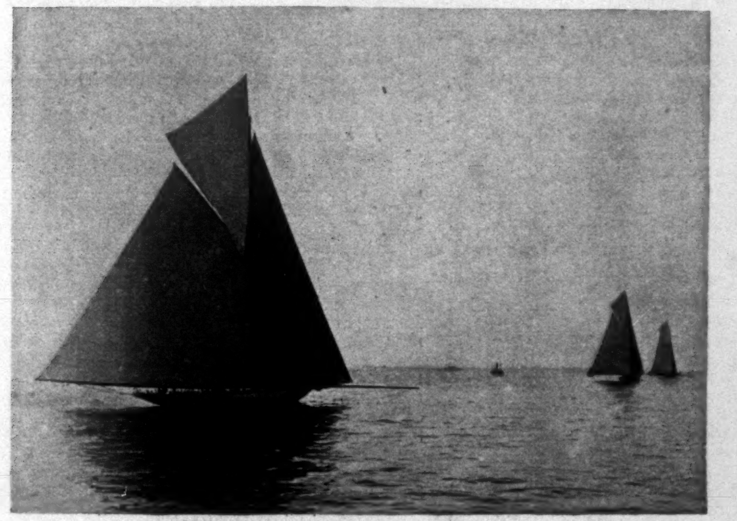
ENEMIES OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE.—[SEE EDITORIAL PAGE 806.]



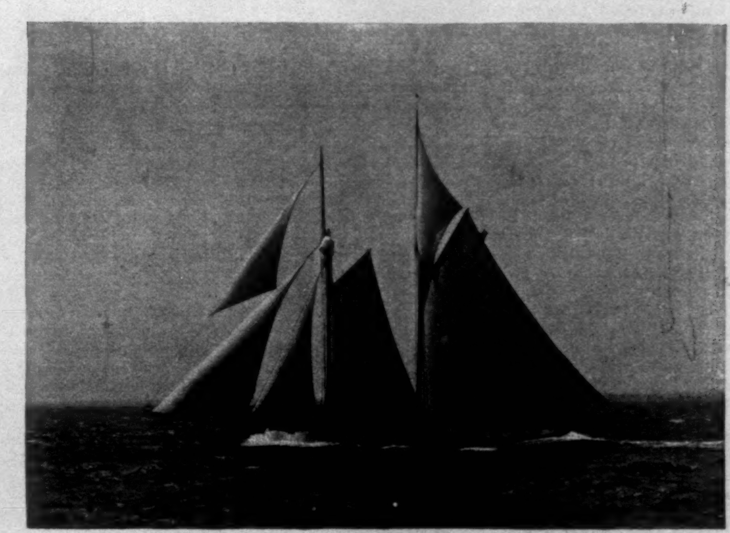
COMMODORE E. D. MORGAN'S FLAG-SHIP "MAY."



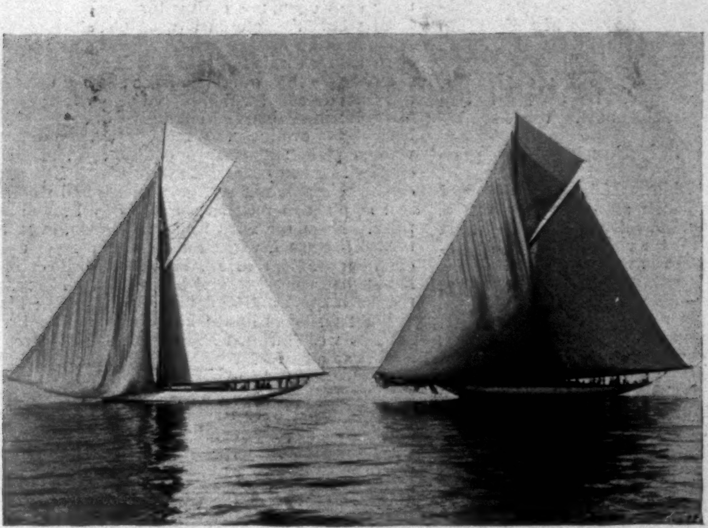
"VOLUNTEER."—LOST GOELET CUP ON FAILURE TO ENTER PROPERLY.


Colonia.
Vigilant.
Jubilee.

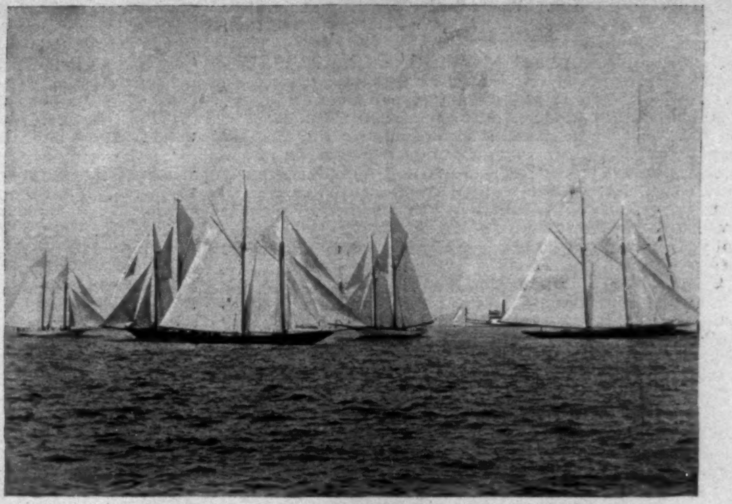
BETWEEN VINEYARD SOUND AND "HEN AND CHICKENS" LIGHT-SHIPS.



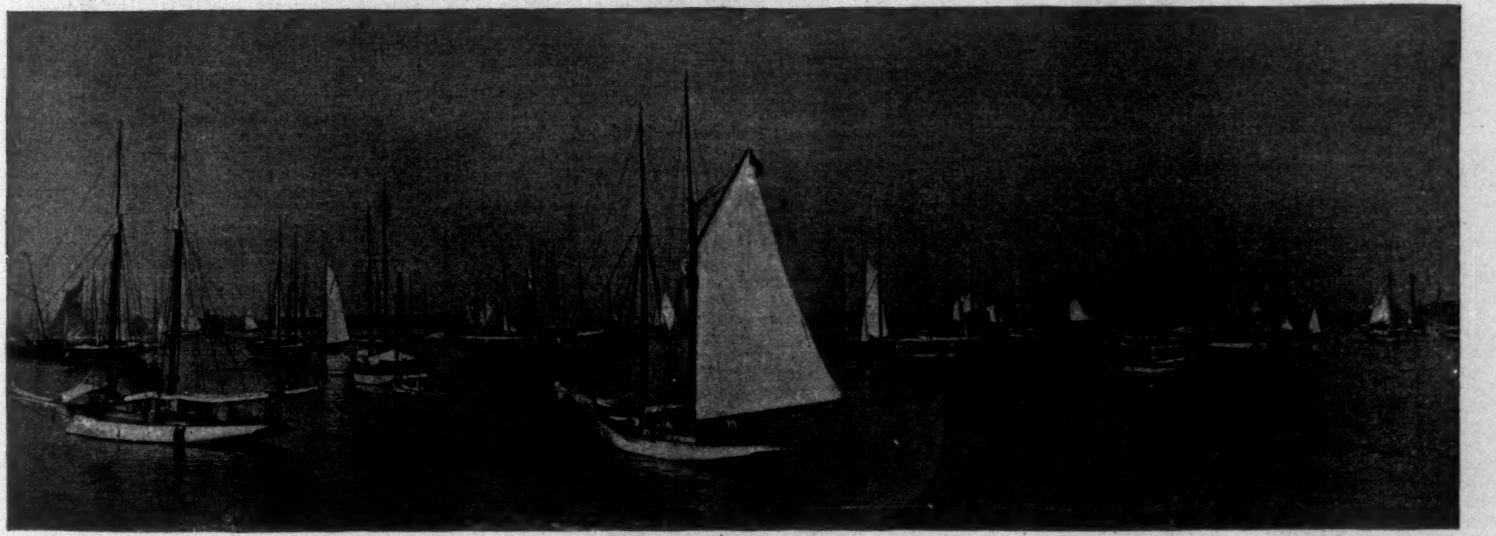
"LASCA."—AWARDED THE SCHOONER CUP.



"JUBILEE" AND "VIGILANT" DRIFTING AFTER ROUNDING "HEN AND CHICKENS" LIGHT-SHIP.


Marguerite.
Emerald
Ariel.
Volunteer.
Lasca.

GOELET CUP RACE—START OF SCHOONERS.



AT ANCHOR IN NEWPORT HARBOR.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE AND RACES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," "THE REBEL QUEEN," ETC.

I.

HE was an austere person; always serious of visage and of speech; even as a young man he was the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; in middle age he seldom laughed; in old age he never smiled. He was a Philanthropist, but of the severe kind; he gave freely, but not with a cheerful face. Chiefly, he supported efforts to reform sinners of all kinds, male and female, especially those which were concerned with the interesting but difficult case of Discharged Prisoners. He held meetings in his library on behalf of these unfortunates, whose real punishment only begins when they come out; he spoke for them; he spoke with great earnestness, though he had but one speech, and he always ended this oration dramatically by throwing open his coat, to the imagination of the audience exposing a guilty bosom, and saying in hollow accents that if all secrets were known not one of us but should be occupying the cold and lonely cell of the convicted malefactor. Not a cheerful subject this, but he made it the work of his life. He wrote a book advocating the reception of the criminal, after his punishment, back into the bosom of society, as having expiated his sin by his captivity. In this book occurs the famous and often quoted passage—you all know it—on the prisoner innocent and wrongly convicted. Also in his speech—his one speech—he never failed, before the peroration of the bared breast, to draw a moving picture of this unfortunate person. And by long practice he had become so eloquent that his audience never failed to be thrilled, through and through. When they recovered, they reflected that for so rich a man to be so austere was a compensation to set off against their own poverty. Cheerfulness goes with a light heart. He who spends his life in thinking that he should be in prison, if he had his deserts, ought to be—must be—rich.

He was now a man turned sixty, a widower, with an only child, his daughter, the one survivor of six or seven children, a girl of nineteen. It has been stated that he was always of a grave disposition. But during the last four or five years he had become more than grave--more than austere—an ascetic. He lived on the plainest food; he did not use his carriage; he dressed as if he was a pauper; he walked with hanging head; he sat silent and depressed; and whenever he discharged his one speech he made the hollowness of his tones, the severity of his eye, and the baring of his breast assume a solemnity that was perfectly terrifying. He gave large sums of money to sinners; he was the noblest patron ever known to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, but for all his charities he grew no more cheerful. He was a just man in all his relations with servants and dependents; but he was not loved; plain, simple, unadorned, perfect Justice is the one human virtue which commands no love. A little uncertainty, a little—say—tendency to backslide—a little coming down here and there from the cold heights of Perfection—is felt to be the kind of Justice most proper to Fallen Man. When we have got up again after that Fall, and brushed our knees, we shall enjoy the Cold Perfection; but not till then.

His daughter Isabel had no sympathy at all with the Discharged Prisoner. She said that he ought not to have done it. Nor did she feel pity for any sinner, male or female. She said that the sinner ought to be ashamed of himself or herself. Nor would she help the helpless person; she said that he ought to help himself. As for the baring of the bosom, she said it was rubbish, and that no one she knew deserved to go to prison, and if any of her friends were so deserving, they would cease to be her friends. And, so far from imitating the austerity of her father, she was a cheerful young woman, who laughed a great deal, and went into society as much as she could.

The meeting was over. The austere Philanthropist was left alone in the library—the great library filled with books whose very names he knew not, for he read nothing. He walked up and down with bowed figure and hanging hands. Had he lifted his head you would have seen a face no longer austere, but haggard, torn with pain. Do you know the face of one who has endured mental or physical suffering for years, how watchful, how full of anxiety it is? Such was the face of this man. He did lift his head; it was when the door was opened and his daughter looked in. "Is your meeting over? Was it a good meeting? Good heavens!" she cried, seeing his haggard face. "What is the matter?"

He sat down and made no reply for a few moments. "Child," he said, "it is that—that pain—of which I have spoken. You can do nothing. Never mind me, Isabel; I shall get better presently. Leave me here. Do not expect me at dinner. I shall be perfectly well in a little while—perfectly—perfectly well—when I have had a little rest—a little rest."

"You look very ill," she said, anxiously; "let me bring you a glass of wine." She took his hand, laying her finger on his pulse. "There is no fever. Is it fatigue? Is it over-excitement at the meeting?"

"Child," he said, solemnly, "if we could lay bare the secrets of the heart, most of us would be found worse than the poor wretches whom we keep in prison—worse—far worse. When the punishment falls upon us—when we are stripped of all we love—all we desire—when the scourge that will pursue us to the third and fourth generation begins to fall—"

"Father, you are morbid. Your work for the criminals has filled your brain with fancies. You must go away—you must live better."

"Yes, my dear, I will—I will live better—much better—if I can—if I am suffered. But you—you—oh! to the third and fourth generation shall the curse extend. Child, leave me here. Yes, I shall be better soon. I shall be well—perfectly well—to-morrow."

He rose, laid his hands upon his daughter's shoulders, and gently pushed her from the room.

Isabel left him. Before going to bed in the evening she looked into the library. Her father was writing; he nodded more cheerfully than he had done for months. He told her that he was already much better, and that she might go to bed without any uneasiness.

At eight o'clock in the morning the maids opened the library door. On the wooden chair at the table sat a dead body. Life and soul had fled. A little bottle on the floor showed how they had been driven out of the earthly home. The maids shrieked and fled. Isabel, called up, hurried down stairs. The dead hand lay upon a bundle of papers tied up and sealed. These were inscribed, "For Isabel." Nobody saw the packet except his daughter, who slipped it into her pocket with a presentiment of something even more dreadful than the suicide.

When it was noised abroad that this man had committed suicide—this man of all men—this rich man—this charitable man—this man of large heart—there were many who remembered with what earnestness he had been wont to declare that were each to bare his guilty breast there would be revealed a criminal as vile as any who lay in prison. And those who thought of these hard, cold, and cruel words asked each other what this man, for his part, could have done.

The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "temporary insanity." With all that money and no trouble of any kind, what but temporary insanity could be the cause of suicide?

II.

"This," said the solicitor, laying down the papers, "is the most wonderful document that I have ever read." Before him sat the girl in deep mourning, watching him with eager eyes.

"Wonderful? You only call it wonderful?" she replied. "I call it horrible—terrible—shameful!"

"Wonderful, I call it. Because, my dear young lady, there is not a word of truth in this self-accusation."

"Oh! If I could think so! But it is too—too circumstantial, and it explains everything—his austerity—his depression—even his continual repetition about the baring of the breast. Everything is explained. Oh! What am I to think? How can I continue to honor my father? What am I to do?"

"You will honor him by acknowledging with me that there is not a word of truth in it. But I agree with you: the document explains his depression of late years—growing deeper every day as the illusion grew stronger."

Isabel shook her head. "No," she said, "I cannot think so. Would to Heaven I could!"

"I remember the case that he recalls," the solicitor continued. "We were all school-fellows together, your father, the man — afterwards the criminal — Farrier, and myself. When we left school, Farrier, who was a light-hearted, shallow lad, just the opposite of your father, used often to visit at the house. He fell into debt; he got into difficulties; he forged your grandfather's name for a large sum; he was detected, tried, and found guilty. The evidence, mind, was the clearest possible; there was no defence whatever; the whole case took little more than half an hour. Your father was very much cut up about it—quite naturally—and I believe the forger confessed before the sentence was passed. I have always thought that this event and the recollection of his old friend's fall had much to do with his taking up the Discharged Prisoners. Now I see that it even led to the illusion that he was himself the guilty man."

"No," said Isabel, firmly. "Here is his confession. Give me back the papers, Mr. Barry. I must keep them myself. At least, the world shall not know. What has become of that unhappy man?"

"The forger? I don't know. He has long since gone under. Dead, most likely."

"If he is living, I will find him. If he has children, I will find them. I will make such atonement, even if it takes my last farthing, as I can. Atonement? Oh! What—what atonement is possible for the ruin of a life? Atonement? Oh! What atonement can avert the curse that lies upon me? For the third and fourth generation! Mr. Barry, do you think — do you think — that such a one as I — the child of such a—such as my poor father—could marry and bring upon children—innocent children—the curse that such a crime entails? Don't you see the doom that this revelation brings upon me?"

Now, the girl was rich, and there was a certain young man interested in that girl whom the solicitor knew, and he took a paternal interest in that young man, therefore he hastened to expostulate.

"My dear young lady!" he urged, solemnly. "How shall I persuade you? What can I say? The man confessed; I remember now, he wrote to your grandfather from prison and confessed."

"My father says that he did so in order to screen himself—the real criminal. My father says this. Can I choose but believe? Would any man say a thing so terrible as this if it were not true?"

"Says—oh! says. Why, it is part of his madness to believe it! I assure you that the evidence was overwhelming; the young man gave the forged check to his principal creditor; the check-book which he had stolen was in his possession; there could not be a clearer case."

"I cannot believe it. Nothing would make me believe it—except the man's own assurance."

"Well, then, let us find the man if he still exists, and obtain his assurance. For my own part, I prefer his letter of confession and the evidence before the court, and the charge of the judge and the verdict of the jury."

The girl took up the papers again and read aloud the words with which the confession ended: "'Therefore, Isabel, it is my command that you seek out this man, or his children, whose ruin I have wickedly compassed, and that you make such atonement as is possible, even to the uttermost farthing of your inheritance. This I solemnly charge and enjoin upon you if you wish to avert a curse upon you and upon your children and your grandchildren.' But," said Isabel, looking up, "there shall be no children to bear that curse. 'I have been punished by the death of my wife and of all my children except yourself, and by a remorse which has been a flame within me, that burns and consumes not, for years. What other punishment I go to meet I know not. It cannot be worse than what I have endured.'" Isabel read these terrible words with a hard and resolute voice. It was the lawyer who bent his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

"Poor man!" he said. "What suffering! And all for a morbid brain!"

"No. The thing is true. My father could not write these words if they were not true. And now it only remains to find the man."

III.

For a year after this event there appeared once or twice a week in all the London papers, and in many of the provincial papers, not to mention those of America, India, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, and the Isles, an advertisement which ran as follows:

> **ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.**—The above reward will be paid to any one who will furnish the advertiser with the present place of residence of Percival Henry Farrier, or with proof of his death and the whereabouts of his children, if any. The said Percival Henry Farrier, if living, is now about sixty-one years of age. He was last heard of thirty-five years ago. He was then a young man with light hair and blue eyes, and beardless. He had a good voice, and could play the piano and sing. He was of gentlemanly address. If the said Percival Henry Farrier will in person respond to this advertisement he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.
>
> BARRY, PENNEFATHER, & STALLARD, Solicitors,
> Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C.

"No," said Mr. Barry, "we have had no serious reply. People have come fishing for information; dozens have written saying that they know where the man is, and if we will send a ten-pound note they will produce him. One woman called in deep mourning, and said that her father, Percival Farrier, was just dead and buried. She was a past mistress of fiction. Well, how much longer?"

"As long as I live, if necessary."

"I showed you what the police knew about him. Your poor innocent victim became billiard sharper, welsher, confidence-trick man, card sharper, singer in low music halls, and all the time drunkard and outcast."

"He was naturally weak. We must forgive everything on account of the Deep Wrong which he endured."

"Well, he has disappeared. He is dead most likely. Who cares when such a creature dies? He is buried and is forgotten as quickly as possible."

"Perhaps he has left children. We will go on searching."

IV.

Isabel took to reading in a hospital. It was an occupation for her; it diverted her thoughts from the oppression which now hung over her like a cloud. She sat at bedsides in a ward and read to sick people. It is a most charitable thing to do; the more so because to most of us it is so horribly tedious. She did it for a year and more, until an accident, say a providential arrangement, caused her to desist, at least for a while.

It happened in this way:

Isabel walked one afternoon through the ward on her way to the reading. On either side in the white beds lay the patients. To the unprofessional eye there was little outward show of suffering; the men lay perfectly quiet; some were reading, some were sleeping; most of them lay with their eyes open, not caring for anything but rest and ease from pain. She stopped casually before one of the beds. It contained a new-comer, a man advanced in years; he was quite bald, and his face was beardless. The reason why she stopped was that, of all the faces she had ever seen, this was the most dreadful which glared at her from the pillow. Its owner seemed about seventy years of age, but he might have been eighty or ninety. Wreck, decay, and degradation were written plain and clear upon his face. Lost soul, it proclaimed. Long years of the life which knows neither honor nor principle nor self-governance had stamped it with a seal as plain to read as the seal of a limited liability company. Even the most innocent person, even this child of the self-accused, wicked man could read upon this evil countenance bad drink, bad food, bad companions, bad habits, bad thoughts, and bad words. The man's face was red, with spots and blotches, as if leprous; his nose was a red and shapeless lump; his cheeks and neck were puffed; his lips were swollen and uncertain; his eyes were shifty and suspicious. Every feature proclaimed, individually and separately, the lawless life. He was the very type of the Prodigal Son grown old and unrepentant.

Isabel stood over the bed and looked at this interesting case. The nurse joined her.

"Pneumonia," she said. "You should have seen him when he came in—a mass of filth and rags. In this place we have our experiences, but there!" Her gesture showed that the case was unspeakable.

The patient looked on, suspiciously listening, but said nothing.

"He came from a wretched 'doss' house," the nurse went on. "They brought him here because they thought it would be better if he died here than there. I think he was starving as well. However, here he is. By his name," she took up the card which hung at the foot of the bed and gave it to Isabel, "you see, he might have been a gentleman once. It isn't exactly a—"

"Good heavens!" cried Isabel, "it is the man we have been looking for so long. Tell me"—she bent over the patient—"are you, really and truly Percival Henry Farrier, the man who was convicted of forgery and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment thirty-five years ago?"

The evil face grew more evil to look at; the eyes more shifty and more suspicious. "Who are you?" the man asked. "I 'ain't done nothing to you that I know of." Gentleman or not, he had clearly forgotten the speech of civility.

"Heaven knows I do not wish to do you any harm," Isabel answered, earnestly. "Are you that man?"

"I've had trouble," he said, doggedly. "I've repented, lady," he whined.

"How have you lived since—you—you came out of—"

"Honest work, lady—only honest work." But his eyes did not corroborate these comfortable words.

"But you have been in prison since—not once, but many times."

"There's always trouble for some folks. I'm one of the unlucky ones."

"When you recover—if you recover—and go out again, what shall you do?"

"Honest work," he said, whining again. "I shall strive for honest work."

"This unfortunate man," Isabel turned to the nurse, "has led, I fear, a dreadful life. But he once suffered a terrible Wrong, and allowances must be made. His friends have been looking for him a long time. Now that he is found, we shall not let him go again. Make haste, my poor friend"

—she laid her hand on the red and flaming brow—"make haste to recover. You are what your misfortunes have made you. We shall take care of you for the future. Your troubles are over."

The victim of his own—or other people's—wickedness received this intelligence with a look of profound suspicion. The very last thing that he desired, you see, was to be looked after; the one thing that remained to him was his freedom to live after his own heart, low down—wallowing among the swine. Besides, he had already, very unwillingly, been looked after a good deal. He had been looked after quite paternally, kept from doing any harm, and even from getting drunk, for long periods. Therefore, this young lady's promise gave him no joy at all, but, on the other hand, filled him with a dreadful foreboding. Was he going to get well again only to be looked after? Better, perhaps, the "doss" house, with its freedom and the drink.

V.

The next day this interesting patient had another visitor—Mr. Barry, the lawyer, to whom Isabel had communicated her discovery. He stood over the bed, and thoughtfully, chin in hand, contemplated the wreck.

"You are changed, Mr. Percy Farrier," he said, presently, "since I saw you last."

"I don't know you," the sick man replied, uneasy under those searching eyes.

"You have forgotten, I dare say, the days when you were a gentleman. We were at school together, Farrier Secundus. I was Barry. Do you remember Barry? No?" The man shook his head impatiently. "You have forgotten those times, no doubt. Best to forget them. It was long before you became billiard sharper, welsher, confidence-trick man, writer of begging letters, or any of your later professions. It was before you committed your first great crime. You remember that first crime?" The man covered his head with the sheet. Mr. Barry drew it back. "Come," he said, "I am not going to worry you. In fact, I have good news for you."

The man shook his head. "Good news? There can be no good news for me. Go away—leave me."

"What did you do it for—I mean the first forgery?"

"I was in a mess—I don't know what—and it looked so safe. I thought it *couldn't* be found out."

"Just so. Well, I have good news for you. When you get well, you will not be allowed to go back to the old life at all. You will be taken into custody; you will be placed in comfortable quarters; you will have as much of everything as you can desire."

"I don't understand."

"You will understand, by degrees. Meantime get better—and if you think at all, it will be salutary for you to think of the days when we played cricket together on Clapham Common. Farrier Secundus—perhaps now Primus—you have got such a stroke of luck as you do not deserve. You are, let me see, about sixty-one or sixty-two years of age; you are broken in health; you are a hardened old prison bird. There is not in the whole country a more degraded wretch. Yet you are to have one more chance of repentance. You don't deserve it, but you are to have it. Make the best of it."

Mr. Barry turned and walked thoughtfully down the ward. The man looked after him as he had looked after Isabel, with troubled eyes. To be taken into custody, to be placed in comfortable quarters, suggested some kind of prison. But he was too weak to think much.

"Do what you please for him," said Mr. Barry to Isabel. "He won't live long. But give him nothing, or, better still, promise him nothing. When it comes to the giving, I shall have something to say myself. Meantime, your father, remember, was under the most miserable hallucination that ever fell upon any man."

VI.

A month later Isabel stood with her interesting recovery before a pretty little cottage a few miles out of London. It was quite an ideal cottage, covered with creeping and clinging things—roses, wistaria, passion-flower, clematis—porch and walls, and even the roof; standing in its own garden; a low cottage of two rooms below and three above. The patient, greatly improved in appearance, was dressed like a gentleman; his face, owing to the hospital treatment, had lost its puffiness and its blotches; his features were no longer swollen; they had become even refined by the purgatory of pneumonia; his thin nostril was almost transparent; he stooped and moved feebly, for his illness had left weaknesses of various kinds, and he looked very old. Nobody, however, could mistake him for a venerable old man, or a good old man, on account of those shifty eyes glancing with suspicion here and there; his hands hung dangling—you know the dangling hand? It betokens servitude, or, at least, obedience and discipline. The soldier has it, the valet has it, and the prison bird has it. You may always know the prison bird by those hands that have dangled so long and so often before the officials of the prison.

Arrived at the porch, Isabel preached a short sermon, to which the penitent listened with apparent interest.

"Mr. Farrier," she said, solemnly, "this cottage is only the beginning of what you will receive. But your return to your better self must be, I am well aware, gradual. You are repentant, I believe." He groaned, in corroboration of that faith, "Truly repentant." "That is something. Remember that whatever you have done, I do not blame you. Weakness followed on a great wrong." "A great wrong," echoed the penitent. He didn't know what it was, but he saw that the words were mighty in results. "You have never spoken to me of that great wrong, but I know it, and for the sake of it you shall—well, on that subject I cannot speak. Here I leave you. The cottage is furnished for you; the rent will be paid for you; every Saturday you will receive the sum of three pounds; you will find a respectable woman engaged as your servant. I think you will find everything that you can possibly want. You are safely removed from your old companions. And now I leave you to the companionship of—your better self. Be true to your promises and all will be well with you." She took his dangling hand and squeezed it, just like the chaplain of the prison, who always squeezed that flabby and dangling hand, which is the reason why hand-shaking, to all prison birds, represents religion.

He followed her with troubled eyes as she walked down the street. What did this mean? Nothing at all said about work; nothing about going to church. Yet she shook hands with him. And in his pocket were three sovereigns. He went out into the road and looked up and down the village street. A little way off there hung a sign. He marched as briskly as his feebleness allowed in the direction of the public-house.

"He is what his misfortunes have made him," said Isabel. "We must have patience. Meantime he seems resolved. I hope for the best. He promises faithfully to abstain from drink. He weeps as he promises amendment. After all his misfortunes there remains an emotional nature, and he is so easily led that one hopes the very best. I shall leave him quite alone, to think and feel his way back to his better self, for one month."

VII.

But it was less than a month after this that Isabel had to visit her penitent. She acted like the policeman, from information received. She stood in the sitting-room of the cottage. Alas! The room was bare; there was nothing at all in it; there was no furniture of any kind; it was horribly dirty; she stepped into the kitchen; that was also bare. She climbed the stairs; in one room there was a bed with a blanket on it, and nothing else. She descended the stairs and went out of the cottage into the porch with a sinking heart. Presently there came along the road slowly, for he was still feeble, the tenant of the cottage. His clothes should have been respectable, but were not, because he had no collar and no waistcoat, and his flannel shirt was torn at the neck. Mr. Percival Farrier, in this new guise, looked even more disgraceful than when he lay in his hospital cot. His face was swollen again, and was more dreadful than ever; his eyes, his nose, his mouth, had all relapsed into their former condition before the time of hospital. Where—oh! where—were the outward signs of penitence?

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Farrier?" Isabel asked. "Where is the furniture?"

"Sold," he replied. "Everything is sold"—his voice was a little thick. "All sold to assist a pore man, another pore man who has been in trouble. There's lots of us—lots of us—trouble everywhere."

"Where is your servant—the woman who was to take care of you?"

"Gone. I sent her away. She drank. She filled the house with her wicked companions."

"You are lying," said Isabel, sternly. "She is a most respectable woman. I placed you in this cottage, where you could be safe from your former associates. I have heard from the Vicar of your wickedness. You bring your old companions here—to this peaceful village; you sell the furniture; you turn out the woman; you make the house a scandal with your drunken orgies. This must stop. I shall have to find you another kind of home. Oh! I hoped—from what you promised—I hoped so differently."

The man began to whine. "That Wrong," he began. "That what you told me about. That Great Wrong!"

"Promise him nothing," said Mr. Barry, a second time.

"He is what that Great Wrong has made him," said Isabel. "We must have patience. I owe him so much—oh! so much—even to the uttermost farthing, I must give him everything—all my youth and all my life—and nothing will atone. But you are right. If we give him money now, he would become a greater wreck than ever. We must have patience."

VIII.

Isabel took him to her own house, debauched and drunken as he was. She got a strong woman whom she knew to watch over him all day. She made him go decently clothed and she kept him sober. Now the man, with a docility which astonished her, because she did not understand that it was the docility of the prison, born of long obedience to rigid rules, obeyed her in everything, without a murmur. He accepted whatever food was placed before him; he even accepted books, and made pretence to read them. But his eyes were always watching—watching—either with a purpose or a fear—following his nurse or his jailer.

"I cannot make him talk," Isabel told the lawyer. "His memory seems gone. He even bears no resentment for the Wrong."

"I should like to catch him bearing any resentment," Mr. Barry interrupted.

"This silence is a beautiful trait. He must know who I am, and he will not shame me by speaking of—the truth. Yet the memory of the Wrong must still burn in his breast. His behavior is beautiful. Sometimes he weeps. I think of him as of an innocent man condemned—oh! it is dreadful—to live among the refuse and wreckage of the world till he has almost forgotten what he was. But always docile and childlike."

When she went home she found the strong woman, the custodian, in despair. Her charge had escaped. He had just walked openly out of the front door.

Isabel reflected. Then, by inspiration, "Let us," she said, "search the public-houses round." They found him in one of them. He was drinking fast and furious; he was drinking with the thirst of one who has been cut off for many days; he was already too drunk to stand—too drunk to speak.

Sadly they bore him home and laid him in his bed. In his pocket his nurse found a pawn ticket and a sovereign. And a clock was missing, which was discovered to be represented by this pawn ticket.

Isabel spoke to him in the morning. He was deeply penitent: he groaned and wept. Isabel pointed out that such an outbreak showed that his better self, which it should be his sole object to regain, was as yet a long way off. She assured him once more that she had no reproaches to offer him—only patience and joy. "You are what you are," she said, "through the weakness that followed your Great Wrong."

Then the work of reformation began again. That is to say, the man became once more stealthily docile. A week later it was discovered that he had again escaped. He had lowered himself out of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. And where had he gone? The public-houses were searched, but nothing was discovered.

Isabel went to her adviser. "As for his retreat," he said, "it will be easy to find him. He will go back to his old friends and his old life. Let him go, Isabel."

"No, I will never let him go. He is my charge. I atone for my father's sin."

They found him, in fact, that same day in the "doss" house which he had formerly frequented. He had had time to get drunk, and half sober, and drunk again; had pawned all his clothes, and was dressed again in rags. They put him into a cab, and carried him back. In the morning he seemed to have forgotten everything. Some kind of fever followed, and he was kept in bed for two or three days. When he got up he was too weak to run away. Isabel tried persuasion again. Her exhortation recalled fond memories of the chaplain, and produced exactly the same effect. He listened; he wept; he promised; he said dutifully what was expected of him. Experience had taught him to speak of repentance, amendment, and honesty. So he spoke of them glibly, and with the starting tear.

One day there appeared a change in him—a very odd change. He became talkative; he answered questions; he showed interest. Isabel congratulated herself. The corner was turned; he was now passed out of the crushed and passive stage; he was ready to resume his own responsibility. She asked him about his old life. He was quite ready to tell everything. He told her so much that she was fain to stop him. For it was a revelation of things incredible and impossible.

Next day the same thing, and the day after. Then a very sad discovery was made. For when they awoke in the morning, behold! the patient was found in the cellar, lying in the sawdust, under the tap of a beer-barrel. Once more he was carried up and put to bed.

Deprived of this resource, he relapsed into apathy.

"Let him go," said Mr. Barry. "Indeed, you have no right to keep him. He is not your prisoner."

"He is my charge," said Isabel. "But I will give him his liberty."

She opened the doors for him. She gave him money. "If you want to go away," she said, "do so. Go back, if you can, to your old companions. Whatever you do, I shall never reproach you. Return when you please. This house is your own. Go away, if you please. Come back when you please."

He shuffled away feebly, with his shifty eyes and his dangling hands.

A week later he came back. Isabel was out. He was allowed, by her order, to enter and go about unwatched. He stole some trifles from the drawing-room and disappeared with them.

During the whole of that summer he came at intervals. He came in rags and dirt; he knocked at the door and was admitted without a word. If Isabel was at home, she came out and shook hands with him politely, asking him if he were well, and ignoring the appearance and the degradation of him. I know not what he understood of the position, more than that here was a Lady of Whims, who gave him money and allowed him to take anything he pleased, and called him Mr. Farrier, as if he was still a gentleman.

One morning he came again after an absence of three or four weeks. His limbs trembled and shook; his eyes were unnaturally bright; his face was swollen; he was terrible to look upon.

"Mr. Farrier," said Isabel, taking his hot hand, "you look ill. Will you sit down?"

The man looked round the room; he saw nothing to take; his eyes fell upon Isabel's watch and chain.

"You want my watch and chain? Take it, Mr. Farrier; take anything that I have. All is yours in atonement for that Great Wrong."

"That Great Wrong," the man repeated.

"But you look ill, Mr. Farrier, and your hand is hot. Will you stay here and rest a little?"

In answer the poor wretch clutched greedily at the watch which the girl handed him. Then his limbs bent under him, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

IX.

"He is dying," said the doctor, a day or two later. "I wonder that he has lasted so long. He must have had a wonderful constitution. He will become comatose presently. And he will probably die unconscious."

Isabel returned to his bedside. It was another and a last attack of pneumonia which had laid him low.

"Mr. Farrier," she said, "I have done what I could for you. Forgive me before you die. Forgive my father. Do you understand me? Then say you forgive us for the Great Wrong."

He opened his eyes and looked suspicious. "Great Wrong?" he repeated—"Great Wrong? What d'yer mean—you and the Great Wrong? Always going on about the Great Wrong. It's all wrong—seems to me."

"You remember, surely," Isabel went on. "The Wrongful charge—the cruel silence—the trial—the sentence—you cannot forget that time."

"What's the use of remembering?" asked the dying man. "I served my time—I done the thing, and I served the time for it. Didn't I? Well—then—what d'yer mean? When a man has done time, the thing ought to be finished."

"You did the thing? You?" Isabel bent over the bed, eagerly. "Do you mean this? Is it true?"

"I told the judge I done it. I told the chaplain I done it. Well—and I paid for it. I was a gentleman once. I paid for it." He had; his face, his speech, his eyes, proclaimed the price he had paid for it.

"Stay—am I in my senses? Man! You are dying—tell me—you are dying—in the name of the Great Judge before whom you will appear to-day—to-morrow. In the name of GOD, who forged that check?"

"I forged it. Who else could ha' done it? Done it? I done it—I done it," he repeated with a last spark of energy. "And I done time for it."

"You? You?" Isabel could say no more. The man closed his eyes wearily and seemed to fall asleep. Isabel sat by the bedside waiting for a return to consciousness. But there was none; he breathed heavily; the poor wreck, beaten and battered out of all resemblance to that Better Self, would strike upon no more rocks.

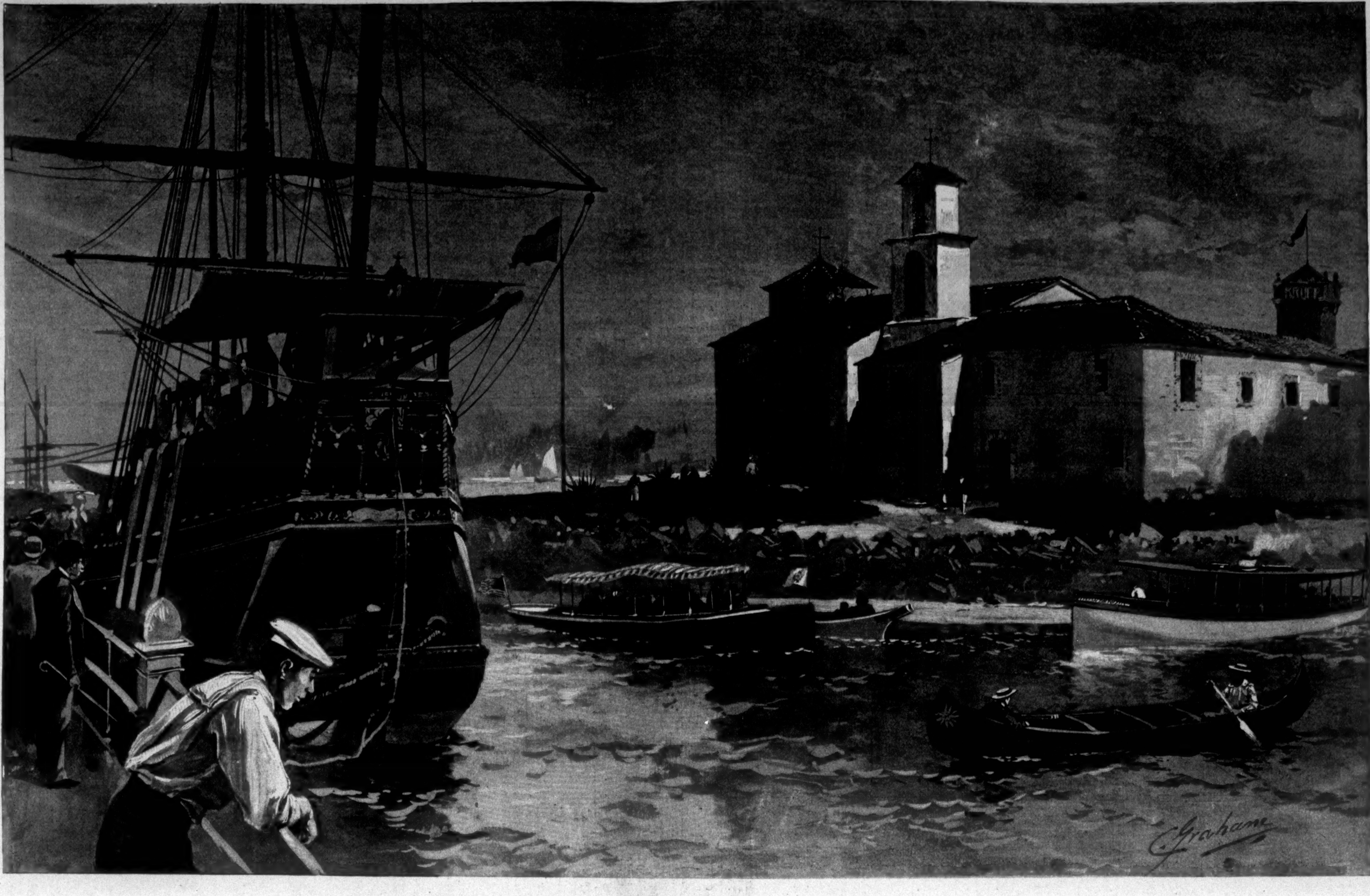
"It was, then, after all," said Isabel, "pure hallucination."

"Pure hallucination," repeated the solicitor. "It came of brooding too long upon one class of suffering and punishment. Perhaps the original cause was this very case, which your father took greatly to heart, and never forgot. His own friend—his own personal friend—whom he loved. I have here—I meant to show it to you in case you should do anything more than—more than commonly extravagant—the man's detailed account of the crime, and how he did it. He dictated it when he was in hospital."

"No, thank you, I do not wish to see it. I have seen enough. Oh! it was hallucination, after all. My poor father! How he must have suffered! What shame! what self-reproach! Oh! and I am free. I can look the world again in the face—free from that awful sense of hereditary shame!"

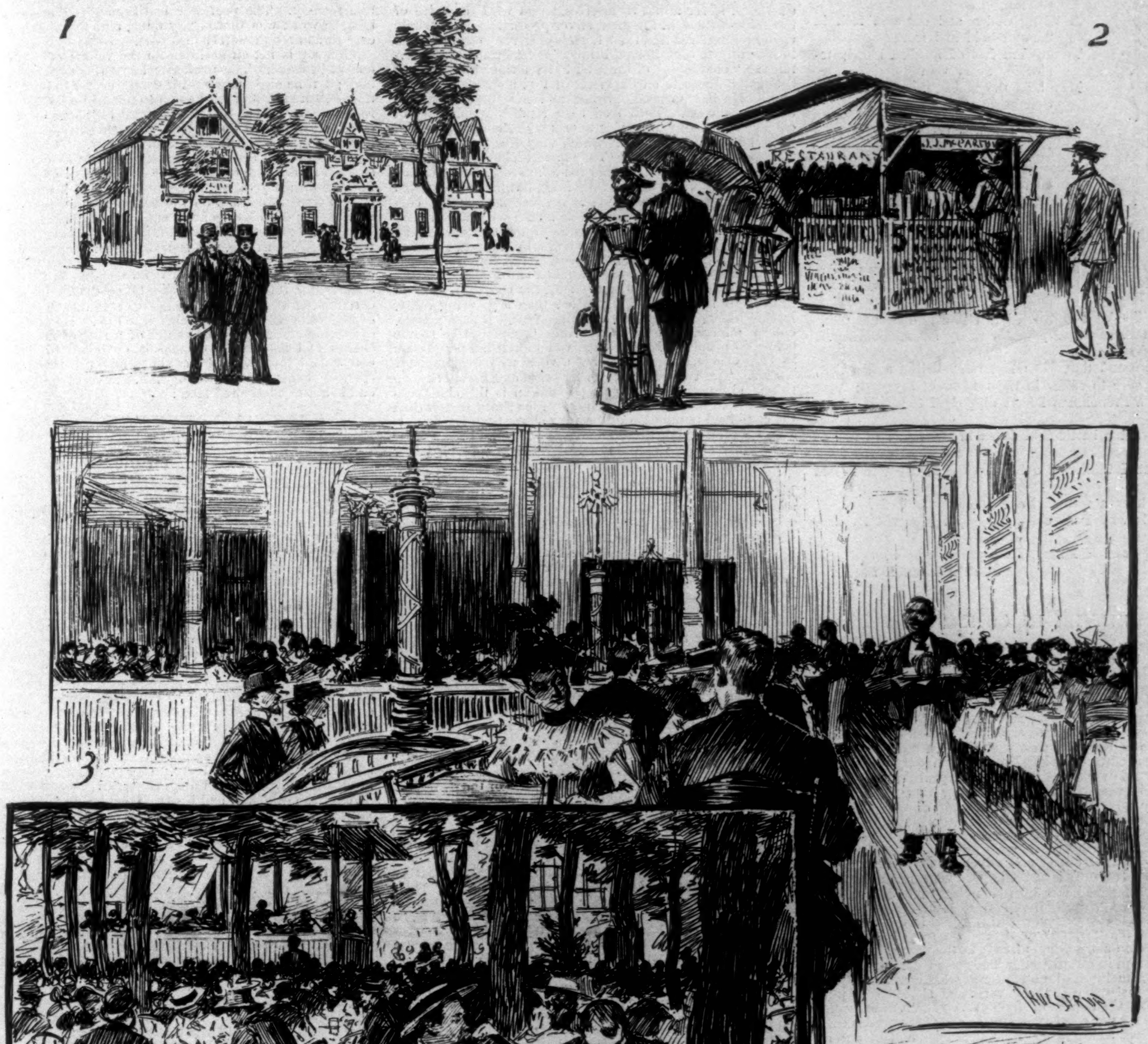
"You are free, my dear young lady, as you have always been; but you had no more faith than Doubting Didymus Well, as to what you were saying a year ago"—the solicitor thought of that young man already referred to—"about the third and fourth generation, you know, you will, I suppose, now feel yourself able to—to change your views, and to—to consult your own happiness."

"I shall consider," said Isabel, blushing.



ANCIENT SPAIN AT THE FAIR.—**Drawn by Charles Graham.**

The *Santa Maria* near the Convent of Rabida, at the East End of the Agricultural Building.


1
2
RESTAURANT
5
3
THULSTRUP.
4
SANDWICHES
HOT KABAB
TURKISH SAUSAGE
5
6

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HOW THE CROWDS LUNCH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 824.]

1. The "White Horse" Inn. 2. Five-cent Restaurant—Outside. 3. At the Casino. 4. In a German Beer-Garden. 5. Lunch-Boxes. 6. Turkish Sausage Stand.

A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

I AM a Jersey 'skeeter, and I revel by the sea,
A-biting dudes and common folk in manner bold and free;
To-day I'm full of English blood; to-morrow every vein
May hold the bluest, richest gore that ever came from Spain.

Another day I'm like as not to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
From having bit a German when perchance I came to dine;
And there are times when, reeling on my happy daily ways,
I take a nip that's Paris-bred and hum the Marseillaise.

Ofttimes I am a Russian from my wing-tip to my bill;
Ofttimes I hold the richest blood you'll find on Murray Hill.
Sometimes I take a mixture, but I find it does not pay,
Unless I wish to suffer pain for many an anxious day.

For I have found that when I've bit a Briton and a Celt,
I'm pretty sure to suffer in the regions of my belt;
And when a Frenchman I have nipped, of Germans I keep free:
I do not want a battle-field down in the midst of me.

From which I think 'tis evident, while seeming free from care,
I have to keep a watchful eye upon my bill of fare;
And that is why I stick by you, my friend, the livelong night:
I'm dieting—and if I may, I'll have another bite.

John Kendrick Bangs.

SILVER IN CONGRESS.

The extraordinary session of the Fifty-third Congress was called by the President for the purpose of repealing the purchase clause of the Sherman act. No sooner had the proclamation been issued than the prominent opponents of repeal, or rather, as they prefer to be called, the "friends of silver," began to declare themselves. They do not like the Sherman law. They agree with the anti-silver men that that statute is bad, and that it ought never to have been placed on the statute-book. No one is friendly to the law, and there is no doubt that it would be repealed at once if its repeal would not wipe out the last law that treats silver as a money metal. If the Sherman act should go, silver would be where it was left by the demonetization act of 1873, so far as the law is concerned. As a matter of fact, however, there is, aside from law, a great difference between the status of silver to-day and silver twenty years ago in this country. Not only is silver bullion very much cheaper, but the government has coined something like 420,000,000 silver dollars, while under the Sherman law a large quantity of bullion has been purchased and is stored in the Treasury vaults. But the "friends of silver" are not content with the store of coin and bullion already in the possession of the government and in circulation. They want the public market for silver maintained, no matter at what cost to the people. They insist that if the government should stop purchasing 54,000,000 ounces of silver every year, it must promise to stamp for any comer to its mints each fifty-seven cents' worth of silver as a dollar. Provided this shall be agreed to, the "friends of silver" will vote for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, but not otherwise.

The movement for the restoration of silver as a money metal began in this country with the passage of the Bland free-coinage bill, which after amendment secured by Mr. Allison in the Senate, became a law in February, 1878. Mr. Bland did not originate the silver movement, for the question of coinage was universal in the later seventies. While his bill was under discussion, continental Europe was adopting the gold standard. In 1870 Great Britain was the only gold-standard country in the world by law. The United States were practically a gold-standard country, for the silver dollar, being undervalued, did not circulate. In 1871 Germany adopted the gold standard, and practically threw her old silver coins on the market in the form of bullion. Holland followed in 1873, the Latin Union in 1876, and Spain in 1878.

The immediate reason for this movement was the depreciation of silver. Silver had fallen, by reason of the discovery of the great American silver mines, from $61\frac{3}{8}$*d.* per ounce in 1863, to $59\frac{1}{4}$*d.* in 1873, when the demonetization act was passed. By 1877 it was down to $54\frac{13}{16}$*d.*, and the mine-owners began to fear that they would lose the great profits which had made the most of them multi-millionaires.

Mr. Bland was simply a means, an instrument, through which the mine-owners worked. When the act of 1878 was passed, John P. Jones was completing his first term as Senator from Nevada. His present colleague, William M. Stewart, was not then a member of the Senate. He had served in that body from 1864 to 1875. He was elected again in 1887. In the other years other silver kings had occupied the seat; for this pocket-borough, Nevada, is always represented in the Senate by men who dwell in San Francisco, but who own the mines that make her greatest and practically her only resource.

Senators Jones and Stewart are the owners of silver mines, and are insisting upon the use of silver as money because they have silver to sell. The effort to increase the market price of their product through government purchases has turned out a failure. The Bland-Allison act required the monthly purchase and coinage of at least $2,000,000 worth of silver. It stood on the statute-book until the passage of the Sherman act in 1890. In that time the price of silver fell from $52\frac{9}{16}$*d.* in 1878 to $47\frac{3}{4}$*d.* per ounce in 1890. The Sherman act was passed, and directed the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver. This was about double the amount required by the Bland-Allison act. Since it has been on the statute-book silver has fallen, until it is now sold in London for about 33*d.* an ounce.

Senators Jones and Stewart, acting for themselves and their mine-owning associates, insist that the country, having experimented with silver purchases at an enormous cost to itself, shall now try free coinage, and this for the purpose of increasing the price of the product of their own silver mines. They are ably seconded by the two Senators from Colorado, Messrs. Teller and Wolcott, who, if they are not owners of silver mines themselves, speak with the voice of the mine-owners of the great silver-producing State whose Governor declared that the "friends of silver" would "wade in blood up to their horses' bridles" before they would permit the "gold bugs" of the East to have their way.

Senator Jones is an experienced legislator and an able man. He has an accomplished and helpful associate in Senator Stewart. Both men have studied the history of coinage sufficiently to be able to talk with the appearance of great learning on a subject which very few public men in this country comprehend. They have beclouded the minds of the unwary, and have filled the minds of the uninformed with statements that are actually false, but that have passed as truths now for many years, because no one has contradicted them with the same vehemence with which they were made. In fact, no one has had quite the personal interest in the silver question that is felt by the four Senators named, and by some other Senators, of less importance except as voters, who represent Montana and Idaho.

Nevada had a total population by the census of 1890 of 45,671. It is a diminishing rather than a growing State, having lost nearly 17,000 people since 1880. Its few people, chiefly miners, have as many votes in the Senate as the 6,000,000 people of New York. Colorado had a population in 1890 of 419,198. It also has a voice as potent as New York's. The two States together outvote New York two to one, although New York's population is thirteen times greater than theirs, while it is nearly nine times greater than the combined population of the four silver States, who outvote it in the Senate four to one. But in point of character and ability either Colorado or Nevada makes much better showing in the Senate than New York.

Senator Teller is one of the oldest members of the body. He began his service in 1876. He was one of the first Senators from Colorado, and, with the exception of three years' service as Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Arthur, has been in the Senate since he first took his seat. He therefore participated in the passage of the Bland-Allison act and the Sherman act. His associate, Senator Wolcott, is one of the youngest men who have ever sat in the Senate. He is forty-five years old, and is perhaps the readiest and most voluble debater on the Republican side of the Senate. The two Colorado Senators attack the question as politicians and lawyers rather than as mine-owners, and they supplement Senators Jones and Stewart. It is a formidable quartet, fighting for the interests of themselves and their clients, studying the prejudices of their States, dominated by selfishness, eager, determined, resourceful, and bitter. How sincere one at least of them is in his advocacy of silver is shown by the accusation made in open Senate, and never denied, that Mr. Stewart, taking advantage of a statute of Nevada, has more than once stipulated for the right to exact gold in payments due him.

These men are the agents and attorneys of the owners of silver mines, who are in the silver fight to save their profit. Their allies and victims are the men who think that the country needs more and cheaper money. Mr. Bland stands for them. He is one of the oldest members of the House of Representatives, having entered it from Missouri twenty years ago. He has acquired a certain skill in parliamentary discussion by reason of his long service in Congress. He is intensely in earnest, thoroughly honest, bigoted, and obstinate. But, as is shown by his agreeing not to filibuster, he is too fair a man to resort to obstructive tactics to carry his point. He has some ready debaters on his side in the House, but he is the soul and mind of the struggle in the popular branch of Congress.

Senator Vest stands in the Senate for what Mr. Bland stands in the House—the people who have been deceived by the mine-owners into believing that free coinage means abundant prosperity. He has not much influence. He is brilliant and erratic, entertaining, but not convincing. He has nothing of value to give the silver men except his vote.

A CITY REFLECTION.

As sometimes 'twixt the crevice of a wall,
Or from an ancient walk, perchance a tomb,
Where at high noon the warmest sun-rays fall,
A dainty perfect flower bursts to bloom,
So from the city's stones, which, cold and gray,
Seem like the monuments of dead vain hopes,
A bud awakes beneath Love's gentle ray,
To blossom sweetly as on nature's slopes.

Flavel Scott Mines.

A CHIP OF HISTORY.

It was in the fall of 1882 that government agents noticed a marked falling off in interest as regarded education among the Sioux tribe of Indians. In fact, the Indians at the Standing-Horse Agency, at least, developed actual hostility to educational ideas. It has been estimated by one authority that the cause of education among the Sioux was put back twenty years; but to this day the government does not know the reason of it. It was a simple matter after all.

On September 28, 1882, Professor Moses Slowshaw stepped from the stage as it drew up in a swirling cloud of dust at the Standing Horse Agency. Professor Slowshaw was a special embassy sent out by the William Penn Rights of Savages Society of Philadelphia, of which he was a shining member, to see if the gentle family of Sioux was being deprived of any of their inalienable rights. There were no corresponding members of the William Penn Rights of Savages Society among the settlers in the Territory of Dakota at that time. There are none in that neighborhood now.

A curious group of Indians, stage-drivers, cowboys, half-breeds, soldiers, plain and ornamental cutthroats, and other members of reservation society watched Professor Slowshaw unload a large Philadelphia carpet-bag from the boot of the stage and carry it to the house of one of the resident teachers. It was the professor's first trip to that region, but he was not unprepared for it. He had read about the country and knew what to expect. In the hold of his carpet-bag the professor had stowed away all things needful. There were thick woollen under-clothes to guard against the change of climate; blue goggles to ward off the effects of the sun which poured down on the great, open, shadowless plain; a field-glass for viewing the somewhat meagre landscape; a rain-coat and rubber boots for wet weather; riding-gloves and a heavy felt hat for excursions to distant points where some solitary and isolated savage might be suffering gross wrongs; a large six-shooting revolver, lest the unsettled state of society should demand the exercise of the first law of nature; and last, in the very bottom next the sheathing and remote from the hatchway, was a liberal bottle of snake-bite remedy. The professor had been his own stevedore, but the work was thoroughly done, and the well-trimmed cargo was brought safely into port.

Whiskey is not an antidote for the venom of the American rattlesnake. The professor knew this as well as anybody; but he also knew that it comes nearer to being an antidote than anything yet known to medical science. Therefore, wishing for the best, he saw that his bottle of bite-cure consisted simply of pure whiskey, deftly extracted from the long rye of the rich Susquehanna Valley. The bottle was large, but it had been put in solely for use in case of bite, as I have said, and not with the intention of employing it to slake ordinary thirst. The professor had heard that the snakes were numerous on the reservation, as, indeed, they were, along the water-courses and in the Bad Lands.

But Professor Slowshaw, though not personally familiar with far Western life, was not altogether ignorant of some phases of the existence. He had a vague notion that it was quite customary there to look upon whiskey in the light of a mild and refreshing beverage, to be drunk freely upon certain occasions, namely, whenever accessible. The thought of his bottle being stolen occurred to him. He saw a vision of himself standing in the centre of a ring of fiery, hissing snakes, and not a drop of remedy on board his bag. He determined to do what he could in advance to reduce the chances of this fate overtaking him. He accordingly pasted on his bottle a large red label:

POISON!

For External Use Only.

He chuckled softly as he lowered the bottle into place just aft of the six-shooter.

The evening after Professor Slowshaw arrived at the Standing-Horse Agency his friend, the teacher with whom he was staying, invited him to meet certain other workers among the Indians at the house of a missionary near by, where the rights of savages would be discussed. The professor left his bag riding, as he supposed, safely at anchor in his room. Now it happened that in the family of his friend was a young Indian named Running-Bear, a pupil of the agency school, and a young man of promise, who was destined to go East to finish his education. There were also three other Indians, old and unregenerate heathens, who did not know a school-house from the precession of the equinoxes, who were retainers of the family in a way, and came and went as they chose. One of them, named Man-that-Whoops, was the father of Running-Bear, the promising young man. The others were named Rolling-Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face respectively. Old Man-that-Whoops had never been favorable to Indian education.

After the professor and his friend had gone it occurred to young Running-Bear to look about a bit, if perchance he might not further improve his expanding mind. He finally hailed the professor's bag, made fast, and boarded it. Naturally he explored the hold, and brought to light the bottle of remedy. His intelligent young eye glistened when he first saw it, for it was exceedingly difficult for an Indian to get whiskey on the reservation; but his educated jaw fell as he read the label, and saw, as he supposed, his mistake. Putting the bottle back with a sigh, the young man cast off, and went uptown to see a friend.

He had not been gone long when the three blanket Indians arrived, Man-that-Whoops, Rolling-Thunder, and Slap-in-the-Face. They, too, soon came alongside the strange Philadelphia craft, and were not slow in getting open its hatchways. It was not their intention to steal, but they thought they might as well see what sort of a cargo the good pale-face from the land of the rising sun carried. After admiring the hat and the pistol, they came, in their poor aboriginal way, to the bottle. Old Man-that-Whoops seized it by the neck with a grunt of satisfaction which shook his powerful frame. The others grunted in chorus as loudly. Old Whoops pulled out the cork, and his eye caught the label. "Huh," he grunted scornfully as he pointed to the red skull above the crossbones; "him been heap scalped!" Then he glued the bottle to his lips and drank with a precision and earnestness which only a simple out-door life and great thirst could give him strength for. Then Rolling-Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face also drank. After which they all three drank several times.

When Professor Slowshaw and his friend entered the house, two hours later, flushed with indignation at the stories of the Indians' wrongs which they had heard, their ears were greeted by strange sounds from above. The first idea of the professor was that the roof of the building was being wrenched off by a shrieking cyclone, and he turned his face cellarward; but the more experienced ear of his friend detected wild human cries mixed with the crash of breaking furniture and the frequent discharge of fire-arms. They rushed up stairs. This is a part of what they saw: Rolling-Thunder was armed with the empty bottle, Slap-in-the-Face with the bag itself, and Man-that-Whoops with the revolver. They were fighting one another with all the ferocity known to their savage natures. Each was beating the other two with his weapon, and every time he got a good chance old Whoops was taking a shot at his opponents. Each was whooping as if he would put his whole life in each individual whoop, and never whoop again. The air was filled with finely broken up débris which never seemed to alight, such was the terrific atmospheric disturbance. The professor and his friend took one terrified look, and then ran to the house of the agent. He called out a detachment of the Indian police, and after considerable difficulty arrested the three savages.

The next day when young Running-Bear got the facts in the case he was the most disgusted young red-man in the tribe. He saw the sorry trick his vaunted education had played him—and he as thirsty as his father or any other man. He wept and danced on his school-books and cursed the day he had learned to read. The news came to the other Indians, and they all saw what the young man lost by his education, and what the old ones gained by their want of it. No one pointed it out with more earnestness than old Man-that-Whoops and his two friends when they sobered up. It finally came to the ears of the whole tribe. The hopeful young Running-Bear went back to the blanket and joined Sitting-Bull.

The government agent who reported that the cause of education had been set back twenty years among the Sioux did not overstate the case.

A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

AT about Christmas-time last year there was an obvious and palpable stir among the older men of the city of Helena, the capital of Montana. It was not seen in any movement or gathering of these people; indeed, it would be difficult to say in what way it was made manifest; and yet there was plainly a strong influence at work that disquieted and monopolized the leading men. These citizens when they met asked one another, "Have you seen him yet?" or, "How does he look?" or they expressed a wish to shake the hand or to get a glimpse of some one—always the same person, evidently, and always referred to as "he" or "him." It was plain that some one of extraordinary importance, and whose presence was a novelty, was in the city and in every one's thoughts. I, who did not especially deserve such good fortune, was among the first to see him. Mr. Hugh McQuaid, one of the pioneers of Montana civilization, though still a young man, was impelled by his former training as a journalist to take me to see this pervasive personality, regarding whom he said: "I wish to make you acquainted with a man from another world. I wouldn't on any account have you miss talking with him."

"A man from another world?" I repeated; "miss talking to him? I should say not. But who is he?"

"Why, it's Johnny Healey, one of the finest and bravest men who ever lived, and a pioneer and pillar of the old days; ex-Sheriff of Choteau County when that county was the size of New England—an old Indian fighter and trader and hunter. He has been in Alaska six years, and has just come back to see the folks he used to know and the places where he made his mark. Everybody is crazy to see him; I tell you he is a very remarkable man. He used to be a terror to road-agents and Injuns, and he is back again. To us of Montana it is like the reappearance of a man who has died. But come along. I've told him you are here, and made a date with him to see you, now, at the club."

"But why do you call him 'a man from another world?'"

"Because it was another world that we had here in his days, when Montana contained only a few raw mining camps, miners, traders, women of only one kind, stage-coaches and no railways, shootings, hangings, highwaymen, Indians. When mining was about the only business, and the only law that amounted to anything was miners' law."

On the way to the attractive and almost metropolitan headquarters of the Montana Club man after man stopped us to ask Mr. McQuaid whether he had seen Mr. Healey, or "Johnny." It was evident that the excitement would not abate until all had seen the hero of the life that had departed.

I found Mr. Healey in the office of the secretary of the club, stowed away behind a closed door, as if he were too precious to be allowed to move around the rooms where the card-tables and newspaper files and the "loaded" tumblers were in busy use. He seemed to me to be about fifty or fifty-five years of age, a plain citizen who might have been taken for a soldier in civil dress; very spare and hard of flesh, light in weight, and slightly Celtic in facial features, with brown hair and mustache and a grizzled goatee. He was dressed distinctly like a man of the present world, in what we call a "business suit." As I studied him more and more closely I saw that he had very steady and intense blue eyes, a sun-browned complexion, and a strong chin and jaw to betoken great firmness. He showed but one scar, a little one on one side of his nose, where a cur had bitten him as he stooped down once upon a time to enter an Indian tepee. That scar made a great impression on my mind, so often have I stooped down to enter tepees, and so abundant and vicious are the dogs wherever there are tepees.

Mr. Healey would not talk about "the other world" from which he had come. He said it would look like boasting, "and," he added, "what's the use?" He was willing to tell me all about the people and resources of Alaska. He has a trading-station at Chilcat, in that Territory, and for six years he has studied the less poetic people of that region precisely as he once studied the Sioux, Crows, Bloods, Blackfeet, Piegans, Crees, and Stonies of our plains. But a lucky accident or intervention sent his thoughts and talk back to early Montana. Some one passing along the hall outside the room called out: "Whose voice is that I hear? Can I come in? Why, bless me, if I didn't know you by your voice, Johnny. How are you, old fellow? You look first rate."

"Why, hello, Tom!"

The new-comer was United States Senator Power, another old comrade and old-timer with Mr. Healey. The two men sat down, and I could not help contrasting the appearance of my companions. Mr. McQuaid and the Senator were both men of full habit, soft-faced, fat-handed, with every appearance of leading easy, placid, in-door lives, accompanied by rich meals regularly obtained. They were the men of today, and they sat facing the man of yesterday—the wiry, browned, nervous, muscular, out-of-door semblance of what they had been. It was the scene of the famous painting of "The Return of the Missionary" repeated. As the missionary looks, surrounded by the cardinal, his retinue, and the magnificent trappings of his palace, so looked Mr. Healey for the next hour in the Montana Club. Senator Power felt this; for after a pause, during which he looked Mr. Healey over from head to foot, he asked him a question that seemed inspired by the situation—the one question that could fetch an answer to epitomize the entire gamut of contrasted conditions.

"Johnny," the Senator inquired, "you don't mean to say you are still at it, with your hand on your gun and the border life around you?"

"That's what I am," said Healey; and then he hastily added, "but it ain't what it used to be, Tom; not near."

A flood of recollections—pleasant, exciting, tragic, and fierce—must have surged over the Senator's mind, for he sought relief and expression by turning to me with a testimonial to Mr. Healey's virtues such as any old Montanian would be proud to have earned, and such as it never was my fortune to hear spoken of any man before.

"Healey was the best man we ever had here in the early days," said he. "He was afraid of nothing and no one. You could not scare him with a gun. He was as quick as a cat, and as scientific as Sullivan. If you pulled a gun on him, he would grab it with one hand and knock you down with another. The rough element wanted no trouble with him, I can tell you. If he was out of reach of a gun that was pulled on him he would simply laugh, and wait his chance at the man who threatened him. He has made hundreds of arrests, and never used a pistol once in taking a man. Is not that so, Johnny?"

"No," said the hero; "I pulled a gun once."

"What time was that?"

"Dutch Bill's gang."

"Oh."

I got Mr. Healey to tell me that story, but it was by no means the equal in old-time flavor of others that I heard and heard of. He and a companion were out after thieving Indians near Fort Benton, and they were tired and hungry. They saw some horses and two mounted men, and rode up to them. Mr. Healey rode close to the men, and they slipped off the beasts they were riding and rested their rifles on the saddles in a decidedly threatening manner. "Who are you?" one cried. "We're white men," Healey shouted, riding closer. "But who in —— are you?" the stranger insisted. By this time Mr. Healey was so close to the men that he could see what sort of rifles they were "heeled" with. "Quick! who are you?" "Healey," said the hero of the story. "Then throw up your hands, —— you!" was the answer. Instantly Mr. Healey threw himself sidewise over his horse so as to expose but one foot, and dashed away for his life. His companion followed suit. As they rode away Mr. Healey said: "They've been stealing horses, and I'm going back to stampede the horses and get them away. Come on."

"You'll get killed—and that's all you'll get," the other replied. But Mr. Healey on his superb horse was dashing back as if the grass was on fire behind him. Both men rode right up to the bunch of stolen horses and began firing at the men, who were still behind the barricades they had formed of their horses. Mr. Healey shot both their saddle-horses and stampeded the stolen steeds, getting them away with him. Next day one of the thieves was captured and brought into Fort Benton by some one else, and on the day after that Mr. Healey rode out for the other scamp. He rode up to a shack, or rude house, where he suspected the other desperado would hide, and learned that the man he wanted would soon return; that he had gone away for water. When the man did return, Healey, standing in the doorway of the shack, covered the man with his gun and remarked: "It is my turn now; hold up your hands."

That was the only time that, as constable or sheriff, he had occasion to threaten a man's life in order to make an arrest.

I talked with Mr. Healey then and afterwards, and found my appetite for stories of the old mining-camp life keenly whetted. In the course of my quest for the recollections of the pioneers, I learned that one who had a knack at writing had made a book of what he knew, and that this book had been declared by no less a person than Charles Dickens to be "the most interesting volume he ever read." It was on his second visit to this country that the famous English novelist had obtained and read the work; at least that is what the most reputable men out there believe and declare. Very eagerly I sought the book, and after but little trouble obtained a copy. As I had suspected, it left little else to look for by one who wished a clear reflection of the mining-camp scenes in the early "sixties," when Alder Gulch and then Last Chance Gulch (Helena) sent the fame of their gold yields broadcast and attracted a host of miners, prospectors, traders, and adventurers from California, Utah, Nevada, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and many other States, into the new region of diggings.

It is called

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA
OR
POPULAR JUSTICE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BEING A CORRECT AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE OF THE CHASE,
TRIAL, CAPTURE, AND EXECUTION OF

HENRY PLUMMER'S ROAD AGENT BAND

TOGETHER WITH ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES AND CRIMES OF MANY OF THE
ROBBERS AND DESPERADOES, THE WHOLE BEING INTER-
SPERSED WITH SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE

MINING CAMPS OF THE "FAR WEST"

BY

PROF. THOMAS J. DIMSDALE

SECOND EDITION

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.
D. W. TILTON, PUBLISHER
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I had intended to quote liberally from the professor's book.* I wrote to his publisher at his printed address in Virginia City and at another address to which it was said he had removed, but I got no reply. Then I interested some friends in Montana in the task, and they failed. It is a pity, for no substitute can be made for the charms of the plain and direct tale which thrilled the great novelist.

It is indeed an interesting and a very peculiar book. It is not true, as its title indicates, that it is an impartial account of the scenes and contentions it records, but perhaps it is as nearly fair and frank as it would be possible to find a history written by a spectator of, if not an actor in, a drama of such heated and desperate action as that which began with wholesale murder, robbery, and arrogant vagabondism, and ended by tasselling the trees with the swinging bodies of desperadoes executed by an excited populace. The time has scarcely yet arrived when a history of the vigilance committees of either California or Montana can be absolutely impartially set down, because many of the participants in those movements are yet alive, and because some among those who took part in them were little better than or different from the men they chased and shot and hung.

In the presence of a company of these heroes of that other and boisterous era, I explained the conditions that rendered such a work unlikely by an interrogation that I put to them—though not without some hesitation and timidity.

"Gentlemen," said I, "in reading about these necessary and righteously conceived uprisings in the far West, it has several times struck me that the Vigilantes were not all of them better than the outlaws. Am I right about that? Were all the Vigilantes wholly deserving of the admiration the people bestowed upon them?"

"Well," one settler replied, "I guess you are right. You see, things were red-hot when they came to the pass where vigilance bands were organized, and some men who saw that right was going to triumph over wrong were induced by their shrewdness to take sides with law and order."

"There is one thing that you must make note of that is not put down in the records," said another, "and that is that in these mining communities there were many weak and shifty characters who were not bad at heart, and did not want to be bad in deed, but who found themselves siding with the outlaws, and did not know how to break away. Sometimes these were men who were asked or forced to give some little assistance to the desperadoes—to shelter them, or outfit them, or perform some other act that they did not dare to refuse. After having done it they never had the courage to shake off the relationship that grew up between them and the outlaws. Then there was one notable but unique case of a man who trailed with the bad men when he was drunk and with the decent ones when he was sober. But the majority of men who became Vigilantes after having more or less dealings with the desperadoes were the storekeepers and tavern-keepers and others who had trade relations with every class in each community, and who knew their bread was buttered by sticking to the stronger side. Until the Vigilantes were organized and set in action the thugs ruled the roost, and these politic persons kept in their good graces. As soon as they saw that order and justice were climbing up on top they came over to us. The cases of actual 'State's evidence,' where outlaws joined us, were very few indeed, for the reason that if they had been notorious we were after them to hang them, not to associate with them.

"Our mining communities all go through the same processes between the first stage of 'the stampede' to the new finds and the last stage when the yield of metal and the interests that grow up around the mines become so important that lawlessness and tomfoolery cease to be possible, and then the men of will and worth get together and enforce good order. It will surprise many persons to know that one kind of law—and it is a very strict kind—obtains from the very outset at every new camp that is started. That is the law governing the interests of miners to one another in their pure character as mine-holders and mine-workers. This law or set of laws originated in California, and has become the basis of justice as regards mining property all over the West. It is the law in California, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado, and a separate class of lawyers has been developed in consequence. A lawyer who is famous for his knowledge of mining law soon becomes a rich and important character in these States. Such specialists are the only ones who are retained in suits over mining property, because the ordinary lawyers do not pretend to understand this peculiar system of legislation. It is as different from the common law as is the Code Napoleon. It grew up out of the common-sense every-day rules that every camp established at the beginning when the men first began to stake out their claims. By common agreement they were to make claims of a certain size, announce and protect them in certain ways, and retain possession of them by the performance of certain obligations. As time went on numerous complications arose, and these had to be adjudicated by local arbiters or referees, there being no courts to try the suits. For instance, a lead of ore running through several claims would set all the owners of those claims by the ears as to whose rights controlled the situation. There are hundreds and hundreds of possibilities for contention, and new ones arise all the time. As mining claims were all the property that most of the men in a camp possessed, equitable rules had to be established and enforced. This was done, even though the civil law was left hundreds of miles behind and forgotten.

"No one who is given to reflection will wonder at the lawlessness of the mining camps. The stampedes to such scenes were always by motley crews of men, among whom the bad ones formed a greater proportion than they do in civilized and settled places. Men who had failed at everything else, deserters from the army, gamblers, outlaws, tramps, and men who had forever forsworn the fetters of organized society, were in the crowds along with the earnest and reputable men whose sole hope was that of bettering their poor or perverse fortunes. The desperadoes in all new camps are free to carry weapons, are equipped with money, and have resorted to such a region solely because of the opportunities it affords them to live and do as they please without let or hinderance by the restrictions which civilization imposes upon mankind. Terrible, indeed, would be the consequences of such conditions if it were not for the character of the men whose reasons for going into such regions are not such as make them sympathize with outlawry. Rough and rude the law-abiding men may appear, but their instincts are right, and they are as fearless, to say the least, as the desperadoes. They soon learn that their power and safety lie in acting justly but sternly and quickly whenever, in the absence of other law, they need to take laws of their own making into their hands. Men who go to the mining regions have to draw a fine line as to the character they propose to exhibit there. They must be good or bad, and must declare themselves quickly, there being no loose line or latitude between the two sorts of men. Where every sense is keen, and judgment of character is unerring, the mass of the people quickly place a new-comer where he belongs, if he is slow about making up his own mind.

"Long after a mining camp has purged itself of ruffian rule and has set up the civil law, there still remains a tendency towards prodigious drinking among the people of

(*Continued on page* 818.)

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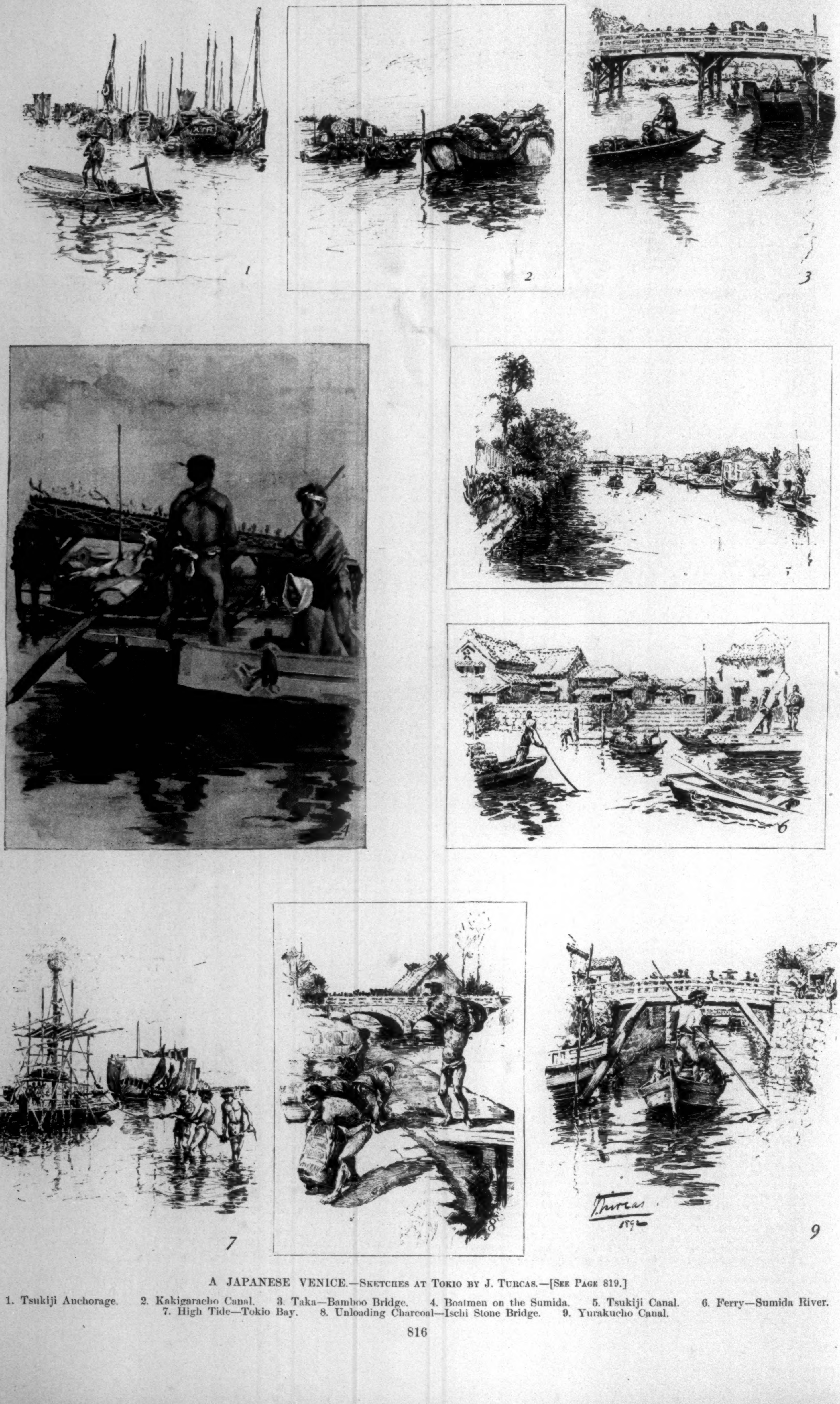
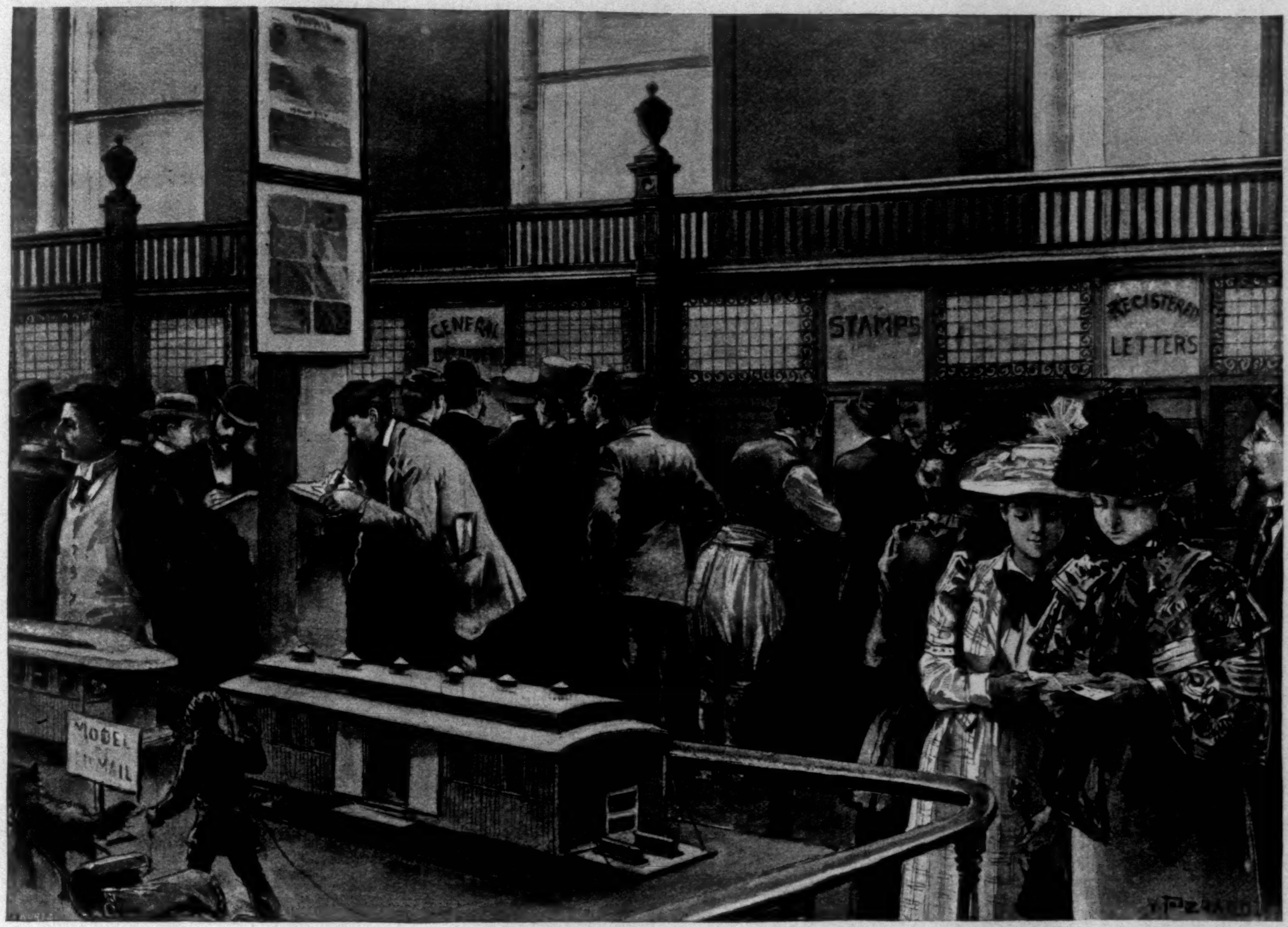
* A more modern and comprehensive work upon the times and characters of the Vigilantes has been written by Nathaniel P. Langford, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and is called *Vigilante Days and Ways.*



A JAPANESE VENICE.—SKETCHES AT TOKIO BY J. TURCAS.—[SEE PAGE 819.]

1. Tsukiji Anchorage. 2. Kakigaracho Canal. 3. Taka—Bamboo Bridge. 4. Boatmen on the Sumida. 5. Tsukiji Canal. 6. Ferry—Sumida River. 7. High Tide—Tokio Bay. 8. Unloading Charcoal—Ischi Stone Bridge. 9. Yurakucho Canal.


GENERAL
STAMPS
REGISTERED LETTERS
MODEL
MAIL
V. PERARD

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—POST-OFFICE IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Drawn by Victor Perard.—[See Page 819.]

THE CHICAGO JOCKEY CLUB HOUSE, WASHINGTON PARK.

From a Copyrighted Photograph by B. A. Atwater.

(*Continued from page 815.*)

nearly every class. What must have been the amount of drinking when there was neither law nor order you can perhaps imagine. Men without the restraint of law, indifferent to public opinion, and unburdened by families, drink whenever they feel like it, whenever they have the money to pay for it, and whenever there is nothing else to do. Gin-mills of the vilest sort, in great numbers, spring up in such regions, and do a thriving business. Bad manners follow, profanity becomes a matter of course, and with that goes the tendency to let speech become too free and personal. Excitability and nervousness brought on by rum help these tendencies along, and then to correct this state of things the pistol comes into play, and it is understood that if certain words are uttered blood is likely to be shed. To call a man a liar, a thief, or a coward, or to apply a too common expression that reflects upon a man's ancestry, is to court a bullet from his pistol. 'Thief' is a particularly criminal word according to the miner's code, because actual thieving is a capital crime. No one is punished for killing like a dog any man who is caught stealing.

"Where there is some pretence of the existence of law it is usually ridiculous in its injustice. Part of what is called 'law' in a wide-open mining camp is the recognized rule that shootings are justified for the causes here mentioned, so that, just as in some so-called civilized communities no jury will find a verdict against men for duelling or for killing the destroyers of their homes, here in the mountains men are discharged from custody if they have murdered those who questioned their veracity. Under such conditions the bully of a camp goes scot-free, no matter what he does, and so does the swaggering, 'flush' gambler, whose friends applaud him because he runs a fair game, befriends the poor, has killed a man for insulting an unprotected fast woman, and who, in various ways, has made himself a local hero able to defy the mockery called law. It is not necessary to add that in such communities another class of men who do as they please are the rich men, who may not be popular, but are able to discover means for escaping punishment when they earn it. In a word, all the law there is finds itself enforced only against the poor, the shiftless, and the unpopular. I am speaking of the new camps, before the orderly citizens take control."

"In the settlement of New England," said another of these graduates from ruder conditions, "it is said that the first thought of a new community was towards the establishment of a school-house and a church. In the mining regions the first institutions of a public character were a piano and a billiard table. Of course, in the mountains (and especially before the railroads began to run all over them, as they do in Colorado and other States) such bulky things were not hauled in, and a hurdy-gurdy or a banjo took the place of the piano, while a roulette wheel or a simple lay-out for faro or craps served instead of the billiard table. The billiard table represented the gambling-house, and also served, in some places, for a theatrical stage, if a strolling company of actors or minstrels happened along. The musical instrument was the main-stay and advertisement of such a house as harbored the first women who came to the camp. With gambling saloons run wide open, and outcast women the only females (or almost the only ones) in the camp, one can perceive how such men as once possessed refinement were almost certain to lose it, while such as were hardened became all the more callous and reckless. The women are, and always used to be, among the first comers after the noise of the starting of a new camp got abroad. It is their habit to leave a place as soon as it begins to grow dull, and they jump for the next new camp about which they hear talk among the men. They are by no means tramps. Even in the wildest days of early mining they spent large sums of money to get transportation from place to place, and to have houses built for them as soon as they arrived. Then they would make a great display of feathers, silks, gay colors, and frescoed faces on the streets. So long as they continued free they were treated with rude deference and respect, and the dust (gold) was showered upon them. They kept good accounts at the bankers—sometimes mounting up to the thousands—and had costly jewelry and clothing that the rough miners thought the Queen of France would give one of her fingers to own. It really was costly finery, though I wouldn't vouch for its strict compliance with the Parisian fashion in make-up.

"Since all that was softening and gentleizing in the camps proceeded from these women, it is worth while to halt a moment at a public dance-hall in an old-fashioned camp. In these days such places are far fewer than they used to be. The variety theatres, where the female performers visit with the audience between their appearances on the stage, have taken the place of the old-time resorts where the miners used to dance with the 'hurdy-gurdies,' as the girls were called. There might not have been a church or a reputable resort of any kind in one of these camps, and the dance-hall was really the most orderly and the least harmful place in the outfit. To be sure, rum, jealousy, old feuds, and any one of a dozen causes might start a row in such a place. And rows were not infrequent. Pistols, dirks, fists, and bottles were used; frightened men hid behind women; the women screamed or laid down on the ballroom floor, and there was much excitement, whether any harm was done or not. But fights took place, as the wind blows, wherever they happened, so that this feature was not the fault of the dance-house. There the dancing-floor was beyond the bar, and it cost a dollar to go upon it and to pick out a partner from among the women who sat around the sides of the room. In some places they wore *décolleté* dresses, in some their skirts were abbreviated; in some all were dressed alike, and in some they were simply clad as any other women might have been, according to their varying tastes. There was a band of music in the corner or at the end of the room, and when each man had selected a partner the floor-manager called out what sort of dance he pleased—a polka, a schottische, a Virginia reel, or a quadrille. The waltz was not danced out here in those days.

"The men would have impressed a tenderfoot as a very queer lot. Some wore buckskin coats and cloth trousers, and others wore cloth coats and leather trousers. Trousers, a flannel shirt, boots, a bowie-knife, revolver, and leather belt satisfied others. As a rule, all were bearded, wore their hair long, and carried both knives and pistols. Gamblers, mine-owners, miners, storekeepers, clerks—all the sorts of men there were in the camp were in the place. At the close of each dance every man led his fair partner up to the bar for a drink, and she took 'soft stuff,' or hard liquor, or what she pleased—even champagne, at from ten to fifteen dollars a bottle, if she wanted it, and if her partner was 'flush.' Drinks came high, but the prices varied according to how far from a railroad the place was and how well the camp was panning out. It did not cost less than a dollar in most places for two drinks, no matter what they were or how cheap the proprietor bought them. The hired dancers were paid according to the number of times they were invited out upon the floor. The prettiest and most popular ones made the most money, of course, but in those rough places, where the women were so few, I never saw one so ugly or unshapely or ill-mannered that there were not plenty of men eager to pay for the right to enjoy her company for the few minutes that a dance lasted. Coming right from the effete East, you might not have thought all the men polite to them, especially if you chanced to hear a low-browed, ruffianly fellow call out, 'Here, gal, let's you and I have a spin,' in a voice like that of a fog-horn. Nevertheless, every man was as polite as he knew how to be, and the women had little to complain of, all things considered. It was only when they linked their fortunes with some gambler or bully, who then thought he had the right to abate his tenderness, that they were abused—and not then, in most cases. It was not safe to notoriously abuse anybody weaker than yourself—man or woman—and it ought not to be safe to do so anywhere in the world."

Professor Dimsdale wrote that what he called "the mountains," by which he meant the mining camps, "circumscribe and bound the paradise of amiable and energetic women." He asserted that they were treated with the greatest deference and liberality, and that there was an unwritten law that gave such women a power for good that they could never hope to attain elsewhere. But while I was in Montana I heard of an era earlier than that which he wrote about, when there were practically no such women in the camps, and when the only women who were there were treated as only good women should be treated. The men even took their hats off to them in the streets. A tale is told of a happening in a place called Pioche—I think that was the town. A powder-barrel exploded in a cellar under a store, and a number of men received dreadful injuries. The only women then in the place tore up their linen for lint and bandages, and applied themselves to the care of the wounded. They took the injured into their houses and nursed them. Soon afterwards the house of one of these humane creatures was burned to the ground, and, in remembrance of her good conduct, the men made up a purse, built her a new house, and sent to San Francisco for a piano that cost twelve hundred dollars by the time it got to her.

From a historian who has not yet published his collected notes I got some queer memoranda respecting the dancers above referred to, and to many others who sought the new camps, both men and women. They made their slow and uncomfortable way to Virginia City, in southern Montana, by stage-coach, and the journey cost sometimes as high as fifteen hundred dollars from Omaha. The fare by way of Denver and Salt Lake was $575, and all baggage was carried at $1 50 a pound. Ornaments, dresses, everything, had to be brought; for practically nothing except food, powder, pistols, guns, mining implements, and men's clothing could be bought in the camps. When a woman reached a camp she was obliged to order the building of a log house or cabin. These were very rude buildings, in the walls of which mud was used to fill up the chinks between the logs. It was a woman's work to put these finishing touches to a home; it mattered not what her character or standing. The women made the mud and patted it in place with their hands.

When the house was ready for use, the floor was covered with green cow-skins staked to the earth with wooden pegs. They made a fine carpet, except while they were "curing," then it was not pleasant to be in such a house. Cow-skins were put on the roof and covered with mud to keep out the cold, the heat, and the rain; but when it rained, the women went out of doors and stood in the rain to save their dresses from the mud that leaked through and fell in the houses. Beds were made by building a frame-work of wood, and fitting the ends of one side of the frame into auger-holes in the logs of one wall. Ticking was bought and filled with straw, and a buffalo-robe was laid over the mattress. Candles were the only lights at first, but by-and-by, in Virginia City, oil lamps were introduced.

Professor Dimsdale speaks of the certainty of a shooting scrape in the dance-halls. The women were not unused to such occurrences, and one who has added her recollections to the notes I have read declares that when men began to shoot she made it a rule to throw herself flat on the floor and scream. Women were not shot at, struck, or maltreated; no man dared to misbehave in that way. On the contrary, a man who admired a woman's dancing or beauty or amiability would take out his chamois bag of gold-dust and say, "Hold out your hands and tell me when to stop pouring." Overcome by such a tribute, they found it impossible to speak in order to interrupt the flow of dust. So, I fancy, would a prima donna in the merry old days in St. Petersburg have found her voice choked if it were commanded of her that she should cry "Enough!" while the nobles were flinging jewels and rubles at her feet upon the stage.

Gold-dust was the money of the era in which "The Man from Another World" figured in the Montana mining camps. "Weigh out," was what the bar-tenders used to say at such times, as men of to-day would say "pay up" or "settle." Wherever business was done, a pair of light jewellers' scales was at hand, and, as every man carried his dust in a bag, the gold was weighed out to close each transaction. The price of admission to the theatres was a pinch of dust. Many men, fearing robbery or the loss of all their dust through drink or gambling, made it a practice to give the treasure to a woman to keep. The women did not steal; not because they were honest, but because it did not pay to do so. The "shacks" or cabins of which I have spoken are still plentiful in Montana. Even in Helena several are yet to be seen. They are very much smaller than the reader would imagine, not very much higher than the crown of the head of a man of ordinary stature. They contain only one room as a rule; and, if my recollection serves me, are often without windows.

Mr. John Maguire, the famous Western actor and manager, now at Butte, Montana, told me some of his early theatrical experiences. He went from Salt Lake to Pioche in Nevada by stage, under an engagement for a week's performance. Instead of a theatre—this was in the "sixties"—he found a big shack of logs, chinked up the sides and roofed over with canvas. There was a rude stage, and the benches were down in a graded pit with Mother Earth for the floor. He was to have $100, and two women in the company engaged for $60 and $40. The stock company of the place gathered around a big stove in the middle of the theatre, shivering in their overcoats. They had been sleeping under the stage and on the benches. They did not earn enough money to live at the hotel. Lodging at the hotel cost $12 a week, cocktails cost four bits (50 cents), and so did a shave. A week's bill at the hotel averaged about $30. The local actors were wofully incompetent—indeed, one of them told Mr. Maguire that "the only thing he could play was a cornet." The actors of ability, like Mr. Maguire, were treated with respect, the actresses received chivalric attentions, but, alas! in this particular town the manager every night gambled away the money taken in at the door.

Sometimes, during and at the close of the war of the rebellion, theatrical folk played upon billiard tables, or in dining-rooms where the tables were massed together to make a stage, or in any empty building there happened to be. Each travelling company carried curtains, and a few rolled-up painted scenes, representing a kitchen, a parlor, and a street or forest. They hung these scenes from copper wires stretched from wall to wall, and fastened with screw-eyes. For an actor's dressing-room, or a dressing-room for the ladies, they strung up blankets before or behind the curtain, in a corner. They got light by massing candles in many parts of such an auditorium.

The good companies made almost as much money as they do now, because the price of admission was high. It was a pinch of gold-dust, and that was worth $2 or $2 50. The miners offered their bags at the door, and the ticket-takers pinched the dust. A room might hold 150 to 300 persons, and there was sufficient money in the business to tempt the best talent. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Jefferson, Miss Eytinge and Lotta, have all played in such camps. If a performer, particularly a lady, pleased the crowds, they threw slugs and nuggets of gold and coins upon the stage. Singers who could "touch the heart" were in great demand, and a certain Maggie Moore coined money on this account.

The mention of Miss Moore brought to the memory of Mr. Maguire the fact that the music of the orchestras was atrocious.

"The orchestras were usually composed of a fiddler and a pianist," said Mr. Maguire, "and while one played in the key of G the other played in the key of K."

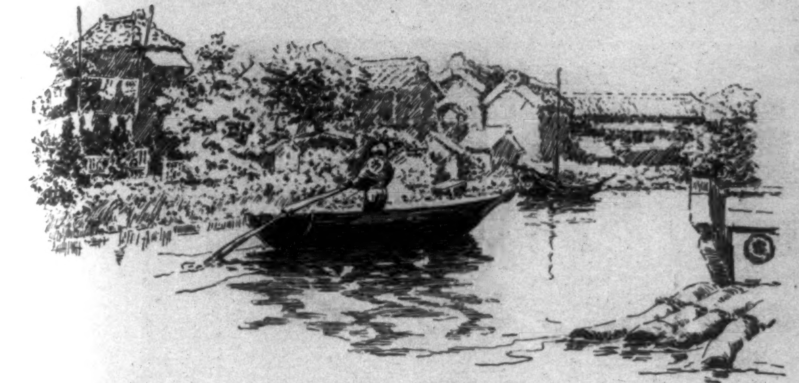
This Maggie Moore was heartily encored on one occasion, but would not respond. An old actress who was dressing behind the blankets that separated the retiring-room from the auditorium said, "Go on, Maggie." "Oh, I can't," said the younger actress, bursting into tears; "I can't sing to such horrid music." Every word was heard by the audience, and one man arose and called out, "Go ahead, miss; if he don't play better I'll fill him full of bullets."

In time, when the terrible reign of the outlaws of the Montana camps had begun to prove unendurable, the line drawn between the lawless and the reputable men in the camps became so tight that the tension was frightful. It was felt that neither life nor property was safe; that the "bad" men were not willing to stop at anything, and that, if only from self-interest, the decent folk must band together and make relentless war upon the evil-doers until the latter should see that the country had become too hot to hold them. Nine men, some in Virginia City and some in Bannock, led all the rest in the Vigilante movement. The word "vigilante" is used because the same sort of bodies that were called Vigilance Committees in California were never spoken of in Montana otherwise than as Vigilantes. Just as there had been too many weak and impassive men when the evil-doers were having all things their own way, so there instantly was formed a general and common courage and unity for the reform when it was felt that punishment and protection were about to be extended to all who needed either. Professor Dimsdale says that in the swift stern work of the Vigilantes twenty-four wicked lives were sacrificed; but he adds that before the outlaws were thus brought to terms they had caused the loss of at least one hundred lives in that sparsely settled country.

The ways of the outlaws and the methods by which justice was administered to them were both peculiar. The chief of the road-agents was Henry Plummer, "a perfect gentleman," after the manner of the heroes in California's records of a similar period in that State. We can imagine him perfectly without asking for any man's recollection of his appearance: a slight, well-formed, dapper man, modestly and well attired, careful to be barbered whenever it was possible, and always armed to the teeth. As a matter of recorded fact, he could empty a revolver in an incredibly short time. When he or any of his friends were in need of money, the practice was to intercept a stage or an express load of bullion, or to lurk beside a highway for the purpose of robbing the first person who came along. They very frequently added murder to the lesser crime. One of Plummer's former companions had robbed and murdered a man, and, riding into town with his booty, was killed by Plummer, who had broken friendship with him some time previously. The murderer brought on his own death by too much boasting; and Plummer, after remarking that he was tired of hearing the man's self-praise, emptied his revolver into his head and body. The murderer begged for his life, but got no mercy. It was bad enough to have such acts committed in a settlement, where innocent folk ran many chances of being shot, and where others were frightened half out of their wits, but it was worse to think that these ruffians were more apt to find victims among the honest folk than to kill one another.

These men of the Plummer stripe would shoot or maltreat a man whom they had never seen before, simply because they did not like his looks, or his dress, or because he would not drink with them. They sought quarrels where they dared, on any pretext, and literally terrorized all but the men of undaunted courage. They took part in politics, and managed to get public offices that gave them the greater power and opportunity for evil. Plummer, the leader, was actually elected sheriff, and it is easy to imagine what sort of aides he drew around him, and what use he made of his office. So long as he was unopposed by any combination of upright men the people whom he terrorized aided him in his ambitions, and suffered from his crimes in silence. He proved a wretched poltroon when the Vigilantes caught him and put him to death on the gallows. He had been a marked man from the moment the reformers began their work. He was caught with difficulty, and then there seemed nothing that he was not willing to promise rather than die. He said his prayers—an act which to his ruffianly comrades must have seemed both annoying and ignoble—and he confessed all his crimes. Others cried "like women," as the saying goes, when they were confronted with violent deaths that were more humane than they had meted out to their unoffending victims. Short, sharp work, by no means unattended with danger to the Vigilantes, was made with all who were captured, and the reign of order that has since prevailed in Montana was thus inaugurated.

Such were some of the conditions in that "other world" from which it seemed to the people of Helena that Johnny Healey returned the other day. He mixed with that strange life the still more strange career of a trader with the wild Indians of those days, but, as Mr. Kipling would say, "that is another story."



SHIRO—WHITE CANAL.

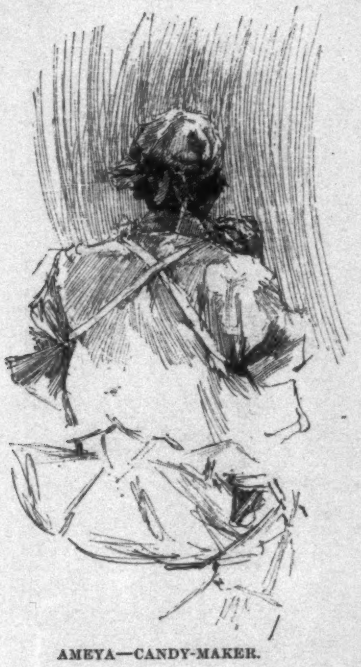
A JAPANESE VENICE.

Tokio, though a city covering fifty-eight square miles, is not to be considered as indulging in magnificent distances, for it is closely built over an area of twenty-six miles. Make up the connections with canals and moats innumerable, and its aquatic existence is at once appreciable. Situated at the end of a shallow bay, Tokio is fed from the sea. At every full tide a countless fleet of coasters throng the broad waters, waiting their opportunity to approach the city. The craft are small, the largest not more than of 150 tons, but they are most picturesque. Generally the sails are marked with the insignia of women, treated in a decorative manner, and when the sun shines the sails have a pink reflection. As to build, the idea of a junk conveys with it the supposition that the craft is slow, heavy, and wanting in picturesqueness; but this really is not the case. The Japanese coaster is constructed something after the model of the Spanish caravel, with a high stern and rakish prow. The wood is never painted, but is kept scraped and clean, and as the fastenings are of bronze or copper, fine green tints are observable.

Passing in through a buoyed channel, the junks come to anchor and are unloaded into smaller boats, the freight coming to Tokio for distribution by means of the canals. The main canals may have, in their larger parts, a width of 300 feet, while the smallest are not more than thirty feet in breadth. These are spanned by innumerable bridges, some built of stone, others of wood. Occasionally, in the less frequented parts of the city, where a canal cuts across the street, there are ferries. The method of propulsion is obtained either by the use of poles or by a long oar, and the Japanese canal man "gondoles" (to use Mr. Laurence Hutton's verb) quite as cleverly as does the Venetian. The Tokio boatmen are less noisy than the Venetian, and only occasionally use the cry of "Hai! hai!" as a precautionary signal.

Every advantage is taken by the wholesale or retail shops of these canals, and goods are delivered direct to the purchasers. There are then, according to the width of the canals, boats of many sizes and various draughts.

The pleasure or house boat is only visible in fine weather. It is a roomy barge worked by two oarsmen. A wealthy Japanese will spend a great deal of money on his house-boat, furnishing it in an elegant, simple way. It is delightful to see such a house-boat glide past, and pleasant to listen to the sounds of the samisen as a woman touches the strings. The bumboats work in and out of the throng of small craft —venders of sweetmeats and those who serve tea or hot saki. The tea is kept boiling on the portable hearth. The cry is monotonous, as "O sako!" or "O cha!" (Honorable saki. Honorable tea). You can indulge in a cup of tea for a coin something less in value than the fifth of a cent.



AMEYA—CANDY-MAKER.

In an instant, if you so will it, you can leave the bustle of the watery thoroughfares and find the calm quiet of a small side canal. Here are peace and repose, with cool and grateful shade. Your Dutchman never dreamt of such quiet surroundings. Here are private dwellings with neat shrubbery. The unobtrusive houses are sweet and clean, and little children play in the gardens. Occasionally you will see a house with a dignified and aristocratic appearance. There is certain to be an open veranda, and you catch a glimpse of a young woman, with her hair-dresser busy at work. There always must be a room having a full view of the canal, and if the day is pleasant the family reunion will be there, and some reverential old man in the centre of the group. As you drift along there always comes the faint sound of music, that fits exactly to the situation the perfect accompaniment to words which are new, strange, but nevertheless touching. You may dream away hours in these canals, and there is nothing of that melancholy which you observe in the Venetian lagoons.

When evening comes the water traffic of Tokio is closed. The exception is when there is a festival, and then the canals are bright with the lights and lanterns on the boats. These nocturnal galas are highly poetical, for there is no din of sound, or flashy glare of lights—no electric effects. The Japanese takes his pleasure decorously, and finds no joy in being noisy.

As a class these Tokio boatmen are physically superb. It is not always the case that though the torso is finely developed, the legs are deficient in their make-up. Working at an oar or a pole calls upon the whole man, and as at all seasons but little clothing is used, the fine proportions of the boatmen can be seen. In the coldest weather a boatman otherwise nude, save for a cloth around his loins, only wears something like a chest-protector besides.

Tokio is a wonderful place to be taken *à l'improviste,* and Mr. Jules Turcas's sketches, taken on the spot, show what infinite variety there is to be found in this great Japanese city. In parts it is as rural as if you were in a distant province or in some retired village, and then again it bristles with active life. One phase of Tokio, that cannot be presented in black and white, seen from the canals, is during the time when the cherry blossoms are in bloom. You may catch, as a colorist, the masses of cream-whites and bluish-pinks, but the fragrance of it all, the combination of so many elements, must ever elude the artist.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A reformed Kentucky gentleman who was lately remarking, not without a suggestion of apology, upon some of the characteristics of his former neighbors, protested that they were very apt to be misjudged by their contemporaries because of the disparity between the Kentucky estimate of the value of human life and that of most of the older American communities. This apologist protested that where a Kentuckian, upon reasonable grounds and due notice given, went out with his gun and slew another Kentuckian, it was reported in the newspapers and commented upon precisely as though it had been an ordinary murder committed in Massachusetts or New York. Whereas, he explained, for a gentleman to go out and shoot another gentleman in Massachusetts is an incident greatly differing in quality and amount from an occurrence apparently similar that takes place in Kentucky. If anything so unusual should happen to a Massachusetts man as that he should get notice from a neighbor that the said neighbor intended to shoot him, not only would he be greatly shocked and disturbed, but his sense of propriety would be outraged. He would send promptly for the police, and have the other gentleman arrested and locked up, or at least bound over under heavy fiscal penalties to keep the peace. Not so the Kentuckian. When he gets word that his neighbor intends to get the drop on him the earliest chance that offers, he smiles pleasantly to himself at the prospect of sport, and gets out his gun, and guns also for his sons Bill and John. All the family show interest and enlivenment immediately. A spirit of enterprise diffuses itself throughout that humble home, and even while the father and his boys are getting their weapons in order the little girls have a sharp eye out around the corners of the dwelling. The whole family make it their business that their father shall draw a bead on old man Donaldson before the said Donaldson has a chance to shoot. If it happens that way, it is a lesson to Donaldson, and if not, so much the worse. The head of a family has been killed, it is true, but to be killed sometimes is the common lot. Bill and John are left to shoot, or on occasion to be shot, and the family goes on.

If there is something of exaggeration about the reformed Kentuckian's explanation, it is his fault and not mine. No doubt it fits the Kentucky of forty years ago better than that of to-day, and no doubt also it is very nearly as applicable to other States of the South and West as it is to the region of limestone and blue-grass and race-horses. The self-reliant attitude of a population whose individuals feel competent to protect themselves, and administer a certain sort of justice without being beholden to the officers of the law. naturally shocks the law-abiding sensibilities of the North and East. And it ought to, for it betokens a low valuation of human life, and is characteristic of a primitive civilization. But life can be valued too high as well as too low. Life in a high state of civilization may offer so much to the sophisticated intelligence, and its possibilities may seem so immeasurably precious, as to leave enterprise fairly beggared by the mass of opportunity. It is a bad fix to be in when one is afraid to expend one's self on the possibilities that are at hand for fear of missing those that are more remote. It is a predicament that we often see illustrated in the case of rich bachelors, who stand shivering on the brink of matrimony, afraid to venture it for fear the gain of a wife will not offset the possible loss in personal freedom. It may find another expression in undue reluctance to assume the responsibility of bringing life into the world, as illustrated by the prosperous New-Englander who shakes with dread at the thought of raising more than two children, for fear both that they will limit his own chances, and that they may not attain to everything that he has been used to consider indispensable to a satisfactory existence.

In a legal sense the house of the American is—and may it ever be!—as much his castle as the house of the Briton; but without quarrelling with any individual's liking for privacy, one may hope that the day is far off when the English taste for a walled retirement may gain any considerable vogue in this country. An instance of the evils of such a tendency is recorded by a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, who reports that since Mr. Vanderbilt has walled in his estate at Newport, and run the Cliff walk through a tunnel in the rear, the only way that strangers can get a sight of his marble cottage is to lie on their stomachs on the sidewalk and peer underneath the bolted iron gates. It is only one of the lesser evils of such exclusiveness that it destroys all expectation that it will ever be possible to correct the propensity of the unlettered to speak of Newport's most favored street as Bellyview Avenoo.

How little there is in a name appeared again in the recent notice in a New York paper of the death of William Hurry in the eighty-ninth year of his age. There must have been very little of the haste that makes waste of life in Mr. Hurry's methods.

And apropos of the obituary column, that odd little corner in the London *Times* which follows the obituaries, and is headed "In Memoriam," contained the other day a commemorative notice of a six-year-old child who died in 1888 "of diphtheria contracted at Margate, Kent." It is excusable, though perhaps not just, to surmise that some of the malignancy of the disease that carried off the child crept into that notice. The child, it would seem, was not only remembered, but its loss was laid up for all time against Margate, Kent. Such memorial notices cannot be just what a watering-place would covet.

If there still remain any living relics of the generation of Americans which put piano legs into pantalettes, what a fine corrective their hypercritical nicety must find in salt-water bathing as she is contemporaneously bathed! Within near view of the window by which this paragraph is a-writing a score or two of assorted people are disporting themselves in the Atlantic brine. They are very well mannered people, well dressed for their present business, and are enjoying themselves very much indeed, as well as making a cheerful spectacle for their few beholders. Most of them are young people, very well acquainted with one another, and animated and joyous in their demonstrations. It is good for the spirits to see them, and especially cheering as one regards yon row of demure maids and young gentlemen from college paddling about astride a spar, to reflect upon the enlarged opportunity that is permitted to the modern girl to grow up with natural manners, and the diminished chance that is left her to develop into a prude.

Writing from Amoy, China, to the Department of State, Mr. Consul Bedloe reports the existence of what seems to him a promising field for American commercial enterprise. The district about Amoy, the consul says, is very abundantly supplied with curios, and he believes that the American who imports some of them to this country will find a profit in it. It seems that these objects of Chinese art are cheap enough for the most modest purse, and very remunerative at their price. All kinds of ancient Chinese weapons can be had in Amoy for from fifty cents a weapon upwards, with abundance of serviceable modern imitations at about half that cost. Tea-root figures, soapstone carvings, embroideries, Swatow porcelains, artistic dolls and toys, wood-carvings, basket-work pictures, Foo-Choo filigrees, shell-work, lacquers, and rice-paper pictures are among the wares that Mr. Bedloe recommends as being cheap and of exhaustless variety. The Chinese shell horns he commends as being not only cheap and wonderfully noisy, but durable, and he catalogues many of the more costly things—antiques, bronzes, carved jades and corals, silver-ware, and odd jewelry.

About the importation of the more valuable specimens of Chinese art there need be no misgivings. People who are rich enough to collect bits of that sort usually have experience enough as collectors to be safely left to follow out their own conceits. As for the cheaper sort of wares that Mr. Bedloe speaks of, and which are not absolutely unfamiliar to American eyes, they are odd and showy, and give one the impression that he is getting a vast deal for his money when he buys them. But whether the American can ever be induced to become a large consumer of such merchandise seems somewhat doubtful. The American is not as easily amused as the Chinaman, and his eye is not so readily charmed with color and workmanship. He insists somewhat more strenuously perhaps than his Oriental cousins that the things he buys shall be of practical use, and he is apt to consider it a serious fault with most of the cheaper Chinese gimcracks that he cannot think of any practical use to which he can put them. Nevertheless Mr. Bedloe's suggestions are interesting, and some new trading may grow out of them.

E. S. Martin.

THE WORLD'S FAIR POST-OFFICE.

The growth of the United States mail service has been very rapid since the earlier days of the exposition, when one carrier from the Chicago Post-office was able to handle the entire business and still have time to spare. At present Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance are divided into ten free-delivery districts. The "World's Fair Station," as it is designated by the postal authorities, occupies the south-west corner of the Government Building, and forms the working exhibit of that department. In appearance and management it is similar to many other first-class offices throughout the country, every facility for the prompt and systematic handling of mail being provided.

As an exhibit, it is an active one. Thirty clerks and twenty-eight carriers are kept so busy in their efforts to keep abreast with the great volume of business done that it has been necessary to call for more assistance. Two wagons are required for the delivery of second and third class matter alone. A standard railway postal car, equipped with all improvements, stands in a space back of the large working-room, and on this are made up the foreign mails, which are very heavy; also those for points outside of Chicago. The men who work on this car are veterans in the service, selected from various important routes, and are changed to meet the constantly shifting requirements; for instance, the New York mails are at present the heaviest, and for that reason it has been necessary to bring on a number of railway mail clerks familiar with Eastern offices and lines.

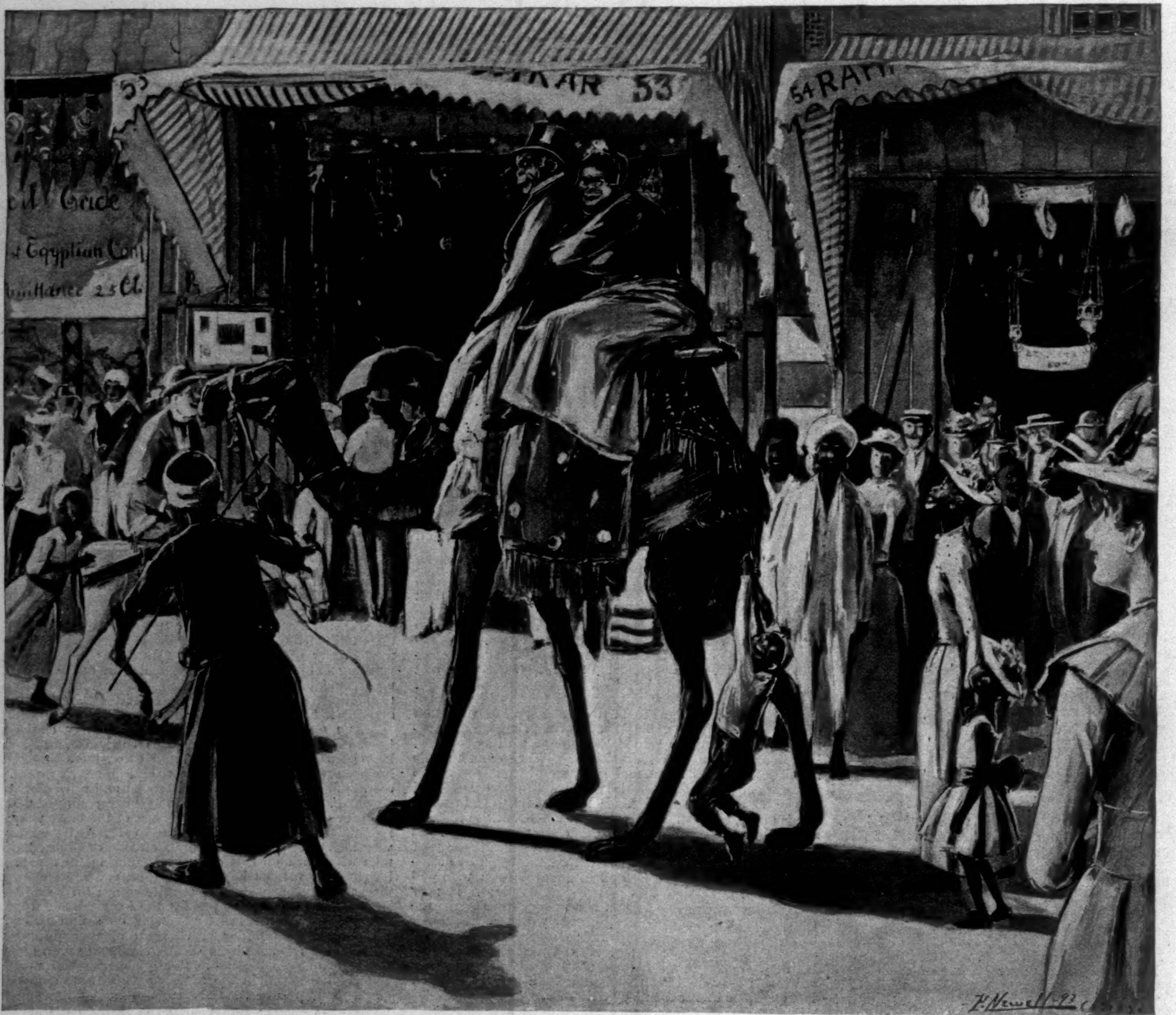
Over one million pieces of first-class and seven hundred thousand of second-class matter are despatched monthly. The mail received in the same length of time amounts to about nine hundred thousand each of first and second class matter. A money-order business of $50,000 is transacted, and more than $11,000 worth of stamps is sold per month. The work of the office is increasing at a very rapid rate, and its earnings are more than three times as great as its expenses. It is a sub-station of the Chicago post-office, with J. J. Hastings as superintendent.

M. B. P.

William Sherer, Manager. F. D. Tappen, Chairman, Pres. Gallatin National Bank. W. J. Gilpin, Assistant Manager.

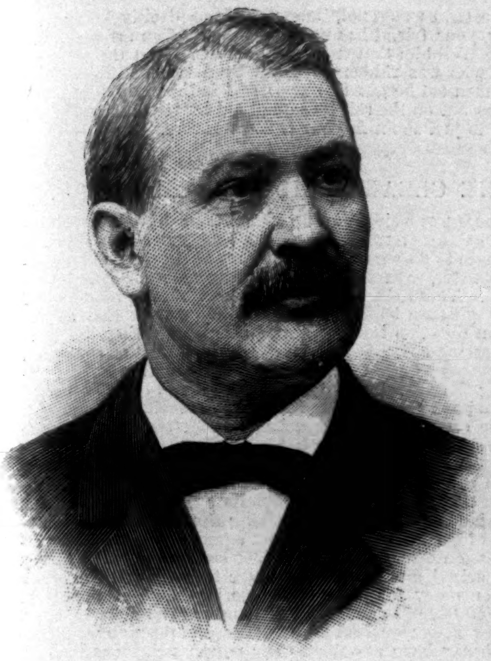
W. A. Nash, President Corn Exchange Bank. Henry W. Cannon, President Chase National Bank. J. Edward Simmons, Pres. Fourth National Bank. Geo. G. Williams, Pres. Chemical Nat'l Bank, and Pres. of Clearing-house Association. E. H. Perkins, Jun., Pres. Importers' and Traders' Nat'l Bank.

THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE LOAN COMMITTEE.—[SEE PAGE 822.]



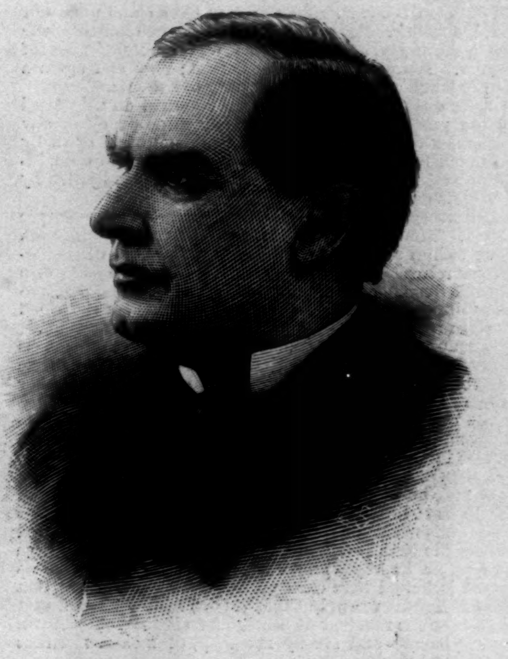
THE JOHNSON FAMILY IN CAIRO STREET.

MR. JOHNSON. "CLORIAH, WHAH'S PETAH ?"
MRS. JOHNSON. "TAGGIN' ON BEHIN' SOME'RES, I S'POSE."



LAWRENCE T. NEAL.
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Ohio.—From a Photograph by Landy.—[See Page 822.]

SURGEON-GENERAL WALTER WYMAN.
The National Quarantine Officer.—[See Page 822.]



GOVERNOR WILLIAM McKINLEY, JUN.
Republican Candidate for Governor of Ohio.—[See Page 822.]

THE DETAINED IMMIGRANT.

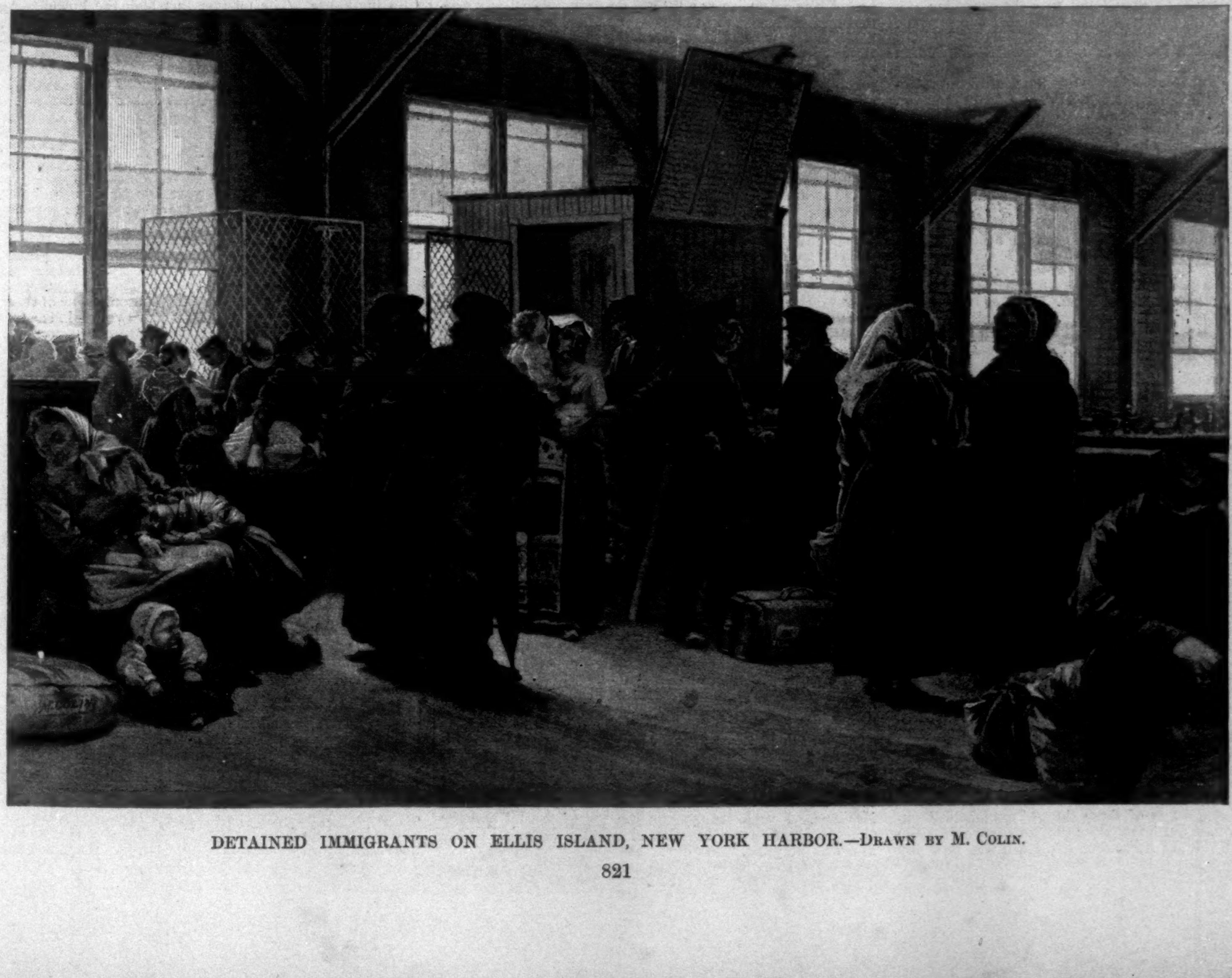
The hospitality of our land is given freely to all who deserve it, but Uncle Sam has drawn wisdom from experience, and in these latter days has come to demand at least a show of evidence that it will be rightly employed. For the saloon passenger our doors still swing wide open. He may come and go freely, save for the inquisitive custom-house examiner and the boisterous and importunate dock cabman. But the voyager in the steerage finds his course strewn thick with obstacles. For him the New World speedily becomes a mighty interrogation point. Failure to answer properly any one of a score of questions, asked him perhaps half a score of times and by as many different men, failure even to allay suspicion by his manner, though his words are satisfactory, may cost him vexatious delay, or the shame and bitterness of a wrecked ambition.

His trials presumedly begin when he seeks to buy his passage ticket, for in these days the steamship companies are made responsible for the people they bring to us, and may be subjected to a fine of $20 for each unwelcome visitor, along with the necessity of taking him home again. No sooner does the immigrant get on board ship than he is passed in procession before a physician, and if he looks ill he is put ashore. During the voyage he is put through his catechism once more. Nineteen questions are asked him concerning his nationality, age, health, trade, resources, and prospects in the New World, and these answers must be sworn to. Then he is drilled in the proper method of conducting himself before the examining officer in New York, and a tag is given him to be worn conspicuously upon that occasion, the purpose being to indicate clearly upon what particular sheet his answers are recorded.

Now approaches the immigrant's crucial hour. The steamer has safely passed the scrutiny of quarantine, though perhaps it had waited there with its impatient multitude from sundown until after the Health Officer's breakfast next morning. The customs inspectors have ceased their rummaging among the baggage. The immigrants are landed at Ellis Island, and, decorated with their tags, and divided into corresponding groups, they await the summons to the inquisition-room above.

It is a strange, a stirring, and an instructive spectacle which is thus presented almost every day in the year upon the great airy second floor of the Ellis Island building. The place is singularly suggestive of a prison in many of its aspects. Uniformed guards are everywhere—in all the passageways and at every door—to restrain the inquisitive roamer. Here and there in the upper part of the great room are curious little iron cages, tenantless now, but later occupied by busy railroad agents and money-changers. On either side are other great cages one with a motley crowd of immigrants, eating, walking, sleeping, sitting listlessly with folded hands, or soothing their children's fretfulness; these are awaiting remittances or friends to take them on their journey, or else are suspects to be more closely inquired into by-and-by. The smaller company opposite are no more miserable in appearance, though more wretched in their state. They are the rejected, to be sent home again on the next sailing of the steamer which brought them. Guards stand before their close-locked door; no one may approach them. The lock slips back viciously to give egress to two of them closely attended. But presently the door shuts upon them again with a heavy clang as they return with great tubs of greasy, sickening stew for their companions' dinner. Only the presence of counters here and there piled high with bread and bottles for those who care to buy, and a curious set of low iron fences forming narrow lanes lengthwise through the lower half of the room, disturb the prisonlike aspect of the place.

Presently there is a stir. A waiting figure stands before the little desk at the end of each lane, every booth is tenanted; interpreters mass themselves; and there is the distant clatter of many feet, as the immigrants crowd open-mouthed and bewildered through the further doorway. For a moment all is confusion; the carefully ticketed groups are broken, as friends find themselves separated, or parents see their little ones stupidly assigned to another batch. At



DETAINED IMMIGRANTS ON ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by M. Colin.

length they come down their proper lanes in single file, their queer baggage bumping against the rails and playing havoc with those in the rear. They clearly have small notion of what is to follow. Some look frightened when halted at the desks, some angry, and some stolid, with the indifference of stupidity. Many are nervously defiant; now and again a woman's laugh sounds perilously akin to hysteria.

If their answers agree with those recorded on shipboard they are passed on. If there is any discrepancy or any dubiousness of manner, the suspect is pounced upon by waiting officials, questioned closely, and either sent upon his way, or pushed into the cage to await final investigation by the established board below.

But having passed the desks, the immigrant's worries are not over. The contract-labor inspector is there to halt such as look to him suspicious, and just now the bulk of the immigrants returned are of that class. And other agents stop and jostle them at every point to learn their destinations, and with well-meaning if irritating zeal to set them right and save them from the hovering swarm of sharpers on shore.

It is an odd spectacle, and, singularly enough, its pathos is not always to be sought in the cage of the rejected. The tear-swollen face of a young woman vainly fleeing from her shame may now and again be seen there. But for the most part its occupants are sturdy laborers or well-dressed mechanics and their children. There is often much more that is pitiful in the shrinking shyness of maidenhood, the hopeful eagerness of young manhood, the sad-eyed melancholy of old age, or the filth and ignorance which pass beyond these desks to liberty. It is a mighty stream which courses through this narrow channel. Fifty thousand souls walked in single file here last month. The population of a huge city, with all its hopes and fears, its loves, its hates, and its sorrows, is halted here each year. The wonder is, not that misery is lighted upon, but that it is so little seen, and that the air is so far redolent of health and vitality, of youthful physical beauty and sturdy maturity, of mental alertness and of moral purpose.

THE OHIO CANDIDATES.

THE most interesting political campaign of the year will be that in Ohio. Not only the personality of the opposing candidates will make it so, but the contest must be on the tariff question, by reason of the prominence of the two men on the one side and the other of that issue.

The Republicans have renominated the present Governor of the State, William McKinley, Jun., who came to be known, during his long service in the Federal House of Representatives, as the Napoleon of Protection. Mr. McKinley's public career is well known. There are few men in public life who are better known. He has not only been the protection leader in Congress, the recognized legislative authority on that side of the question, which he has made his special study, the author of the bill which bears his name, and which has made the average rates of duty on imported goods higher than it ever was before in this country or in any other country having a protective system, but he has stumped the country in the interest of his party from Maine to California. In 1890 he was defeated for Congress by J. G. Warwick, a Democrat, whose plurality was 302. In 1891 he was elected Governor against the then Democratic incumbent, Governor Campbell, by a plurality of 21,511. Two years before Mr. Campbell defeated Governor Foraker by a plurality of 10,872. It is clear that Mr. McKinley is not without honor in his own State. His defeat in 1890, however, was on the issue which has been raised by the nominations of this year and on his own bill.

Until 1892, Mr. Lawrence T. Neal, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was not very widely known. He was known, it is true, in his own State, and was popular enough to be a formidable candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination against James E. Campbell, but, with the exception of a few politicians who had met him at national conventions, there was little acquaintance with him outside of Ohio until his bold and successful action in the Presidential convention of 1892 made him famous.

Mr. Neal is an uncompromising opponent of high protective tariff. He is a Democrat of the school of Morrison and Carlisle. He was a member of the Committee on Resolutions in the convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland for President, and his principles were outraged by what appeared to him to be the meaningless and double-faced tariff plank which was reported by the committee. Therefore he offered his radical substitute declaring for a tariff for revenue only, and denouncing any duty laid for the protection of private interests as unconstitutional. To the surprise of the convention, and especially of some of the nearest friends of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Neal's substitute was carried. The fact that Mr. Cleveland's enemies voted for it, however, robbed the incident of some of its significance. Mr. Neal is an active, energetic, courageous man. He was born nearly forty-nine years ago in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and is a lawyer. He has filled several local offices with credit, and has been an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in Republican districts.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

X.—INTERESTING ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

"You are under the impression that you are thinking, eh?" said Jones, in a gentle, soothing tone, as he turned to Jackson Peters and observed that young man with a fatherly air.

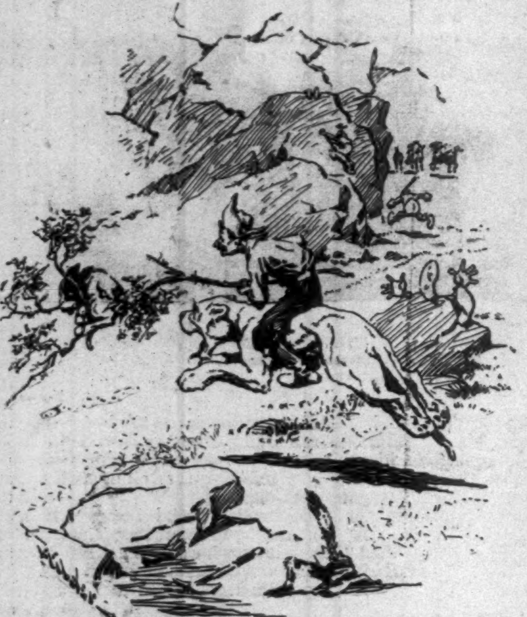
Peters maintained his silence for another moment or two, and then answered: "No, I hardly dignified my mental gymnastics with that term. I was simply turning over in what passes for my mind the notion of how little true greatness is appreciated. I told a friend your circus-tiger story, and he pronounced it a monumental, epoch-marking lie."

"My young friend," returned Jones, "you are not associating with the right sort of people. There was nothing improbable about that story. Circus tigers frequently escape; surely your friend could believe this. A tiger's tail is long and supple, and easily tied in a knot; your intelligent friend could not deny this The hole in the fence was only very slightly larger than the tiger's plain unknotted tail, so of course after the knot was tied it was impossible for him to withdraw it, and his capture was easy. If your friend thinks that a tiger under such circumstances would tear off his tail and go bounding away across the country without it, why, all I've got to say is that he has less intelligence than a friend of so brilliant a young man as you are should have."

"He didn't doubt any of these things," explained Jackson Peters. "Nor did he suppose that a tiger would leave his tail behind. What he wanted explained was how you induced the tiger to back up and put his tail through the knot-hole in the fence."

"Jackson, I am glad your scholarly and penetrating friend raised this question. I will explain. I had on the side of the high board fence opposite to the tiger a large tin pail of sweet cream. The idea of the sagacious animal was to put his tail through the knot-hole, insert it in the cream, withdraw it, and then lick off the adhering cream. I tied the knot in his tail before the far-sighted beast could complete the execution of his well-laid plan. What you want to do, Jackson, is to get the tail off of a stuffed tiger, load it heavily with lead, and then use it to beat some sense into the head of your valued friend. If the able gentleman ever gets to know half as much as that tiger, he may count it the luckiest day of his life.

"While on the subject of tigers and that sort of thing, I want to mention a little experience I had a few years ago with a mountain-lion in Montana. You may call it a mountain-lion, or a jaguar, or a panther, or what you will—it makes no difference, of course—the fact remains that it was some ten or twelve feet long, almost as big as the circus tiger. You may remember my dog Bones—I mentioned him recently in connection with certain wolf operations. Bones, you will recollect, did not make a specialty of wild beasts; he preferred the society of man, and the only wild animal I ever saw him bristle up to and put to flight was the common cotton-tail rabbit. He went at rabbits with a ferocity which was awe-inspiring, but the mere sight of the picture of a wild-cat in a book of natural history would cause him to howl dismally and creep under my chair.



"I had a large cattle ranch in Winchester Trigger Valley. The country was new then and overrun with Indians and wild beasts. I went out one day on horseback to look after some stray stock. When about twenty miles up the valley my horse stepped in a prairie-dog hole and broke his leg. I shot the poor beast to put him out of his misery, and proceeded on foot. I forgot to say that Bones was with me. I soon found that my rifle was heavy, so I cached it and pressed on. I was going across a little open park, when I was startled by the fierce, almost human, cry of a jaguar. I looked back, and saw the beast bounding toward me, covering thirty feet at each jump. My first thought, of course, was of the unfortunate Bones. Tucking him under my arm, I ran. I reached a small cottonwood tree about three yards ahead of the enraged panther, and climbed it, still holding close to my valuable dog.

"We remained in the tree some two hours, during which time the baffled jaguar screamed and roared below, and as it were, beat the air to a foam with his tail. I remained calm. Poor Bones, however, was in an agony of fear, and clung to a small limb on which I had placed him with desperation. I was becoming sleepy, and was arranging for a nap on my limb, when my attention was attracted to a cloud of dust about a mile away. I soon saw that it was a band of mounted Sioux Indians, and that they were coming directly for me. Gentlemen, it was not a time for esoteric speculation; rather it was an occasion for prompt, decisive, buzz-saw action; and I hope I may venture to say that I am not altogether out of place at such a time as this.

"Reaching in my pocket, I drew out my knife, and hastily cut off the branch to which Bones clung. It was a small branch, and made a pole about ten feet long, with Bones glued to one end of it. The Indians were now less than two hundred yards away. Taking the other end of the pole in one hand, I hurriedly began to descend. The jaguar had spied the Indians, and stood looking at them. Their bloodthirsty yells swept down the narrow valley like a destroying wind. The tiger screamed back at them in a voice which drowned their cries as Niagara might drown the ticking of a lady's watch. When six feet from the ground I made a flying leap and lit astride the back of the tiger. Swinging my pole around, I held Bones about a yard in front of the beast's nose. He leaped for the unhappy dog with all the fierceness of his cruel nature, whetted as it was by hunger. Of course he did not get him, as I retained my hold on the pole and my position on his back. Pointing Bones toward the Indians, I charged them, the tiger thinking to get the dog at every bound. My appearance so terrified the savages that they turned and fled ignominiously. I chased them two miles, scattering them right and left, and by joining my own cries with the yells of the tiger and the howls of poor Bones, I readily scared a number of the Indians to death. When the last one had disappeared, I turned the tiger in a broad curve by swinging Bones slightly to starboard, and rode him to my ranch. The distance was twenty miles, which I covered in one hour and thirty minutes, the optimistic animal thinking that he would grasp Bones at the next jump for the whole way. I was so pleased at the success of my experiment that I kept the jaguar, tamed him, and used him for a saddle-beast during the two years that I staid in Montana. I soon taught him the use of the bit and the spur, however, as the exertion of holding Bones out before him was too great."

"Would you advise me to tell my friend *this* story?" asked Jackson Peters, after Jones had been silent a moment.

"No, sir, I would not," answered Jones, decisively. "Evidently your friend has no appreciation of an artistic tiger-story. Tell him that story of your own about the uncle of yours who was ridden on a rail by discriminating fellow-townsmen till he got to like it, and indignantly tore off a cushion put on the rail by some kind-hearted ladies. That ought to just about fit your friend's calibre." H. C.

THE CLEARING-HOUSE COMMITTEE.

PROBABLY no single group of men have delved more deeply into the secrets of this season's shaken credit, or have had more to do with the building up of props to avert general disaster, than the New York Clearing-house Loan Committee. These six gentlemen — all of them presidents of Clearing-house banks—have jurisdiction over that all-important question in New York panic financiering, the issue of Clearing-house loan certificates. Under the resolution adopted by all the Clearing-house banks on June 15th, following the precedents of 1890, of 1884, and of 1873, any of the banks depositing securities or bills receivable approved by the committee, may receive therefor certificates to the face value of seventy-five per cent. of the value of the deposited collateral. The certificates bear six per cent. interest, to be paid into the committee's hands by the bank for which they are issued, the committee then to pay over the six per cent. to the bank receiving the certificates in payment of balances. As each bank agrees to receive such certificates on balance from any other bank the same as if they were actual money, the committee thus virtually creates a new currency for use in the Clearing-house membership. The $37,000,000 or more of these certificates already issued in New York represent expanded credits through which the rich banks have sustained their poorer neighbors, and all have united to sustain the legitimate borrowing community.

The members of the Clearing-house Loan Committee are six in number: President F. D. Tappen, of the Gallatin Bank; President H. W. Cannon, of the Chase National Bank; President G. G. Williams, of the Chemical Bank; President J. E. Simmons, of the Fourth National Bank; President E. H. Perkins, Jun., of the Importers' and Traders' Bank; and President W. A. Nash, of the Corn Exchange Bank. These gentlemen previously constituted the regular Clearing-house committee, but Mr. Tappen was made chairman of the body in its capacity of loan committee, although not previously occupying the general chairmanship. This was a tribute to his experience and sagacity in similar emergencies during past years. So long ago as 1873 Mr. Tappen headed the loan committee, and has at all such times in subsequent money panics been the leader in the bank movement. It was due to his personal efforts that the issue of loan certificates in New York was resorted to this year so promptly in advance of the impending crisis as to put all the city banks in shape to withstand the financial storm when at length it broke. His associates on the committee have in almost every case had similar experience, the banks they represent being among the wealthiest institutions, which carry the accounts both of local customers and of country depositories.

In the nature of the case the committee has been the Court of Appeals, not alone on the minor problem of certificate issues, but on the general policy of the New York banks. This policy has never before been surrounded by such grave difficulties and doubtful problems. Every day the question has arisen where to give aid and where to withhold it, for at no time has it been possible to gratify all applicants for money accommodation. The heavy import of European gold and the support of the mercantile community, not alone of New York city, but of the entire country, have been made possible only through the judicious action of the Clearing-house. The manner in which the business community of the whole country has thus far ridden the storm is sufficient testimony to the committee's wisdom. How far-reaching its financial aid has been may be judged by the fact that New York bank funds have been sent to avert collapse in districts as widely separated as Chicago and San Francisco, the cities on the Great Lakes and those at the mouth of the Mississippi.

THE NATIONAL QUARANTINE.

IT will be recalled that a year ago there was almost a panic in the United States for fear that cholera would get lodgement on the land through the port of New York, and spread over the country. There seems to be very little fear this year on account of the cholera, though there is probably almost as much cholera in Europe as the year before, and it appears to be spread over a wider area. There are two reasons why there should not be a panic this season. One of these is due to the apprehension that fills nearly every mind as to the business outlook. The other is that the same spectre is powerless to frighten the same community twice. If it were generally known, however, that under the provisions of a bill passed by Congress last February the Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service is empowered to overlook the work of all local quarantine authorities, and to take charge of such work whenever in his discretion he thinks that the quarantine is inefficient, the people of the United States would have another reason for feeling tolerably secure against the invasion of cholera. Last year such conditions arose in the port of New York as cannot possibly arise under the regulations now enforced. Ship after ship came into port with cholera on board, and the people were filled with apprehension that the disease would get through the quarantine into the crowded tenement-house section of the metropolis. Fortunately these apprehensions were not well founded. But they resulted in the passage of this national quarantine law, which medical men regard as a very wise measure.

Under this law it is not contemplated that the local authorities, when efficient and thorough in their work, shall be either superseded or interfered with. It is made the duty of the Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service to see that the local authorities are efficient and zealous, and to take charge of the work or supplement it in cases where he deems such a course to be necessary.

The law also empowers Dr. Walter Wyman, the Supervising Surgeon-General, to send assistants abroad to all infected ports, who shall examine all immigrants and passengers about to come to this country, and grant each one a bill of health. Without this a passenger cannot pass the quarantine lines into this country. The bill also gives the President the right to prohibit, in whole or in part, the introduction of persons and property from such countries or places as he shall designate, and for such period of time as it is deemed necessary, whenever, by reason of existence of cholera or other infectious or contagious disease in a foreign country, there is serious danger of the introduction of the same into the United States, despite the quarantine defences. Under the law the Secretary of the Treasury promulgated regulations last spring. These regulations require that in ports infected with cholera passengers of the cabin class must produce evidence as to abode during the four days immediately preceding embarkation, and, if necessary, they and their baggage may be detained, and the baggage subjected to such disinfection as is necessary. Steerage passengers in a cholera-infected port or from a cholera-infected place must be detained five days under medical observation, and their personal effects and baggage must be disinfected by steam. The regulations further forbid the shipment of certain articles of bedding and clothing from an infected port, also certain articles of merchandise, such as old rags, old jute, and old gunny, during the prevalence of an epidemic, and for thirty days after it has been officially declared at an end. All rags at all times are to be disinfected before shipment to the United States.

The principal ports of embarkation of immigrants to this country are Southampton, Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Havre, Marseilles, Genoa, and Naples. A medical officer of the Marine Hospital Service has been detailed to serve in the office of the consul at each of the ports named. These officers have all had experience with ships, and with but two exceptions, Dr. Wyman says, have had actual quarantine experience. They have been at their respective stations for four months past, and their reports show both the necessity of their presence and the good results of their activity. Speaking of this, Dr. Wyman, in an address before the American Medical Association, said: "This is a new departure in quarantine—quarantining in foreign lands—and the ultimate result may be looked for with great interest. Whatever the result may be, certain it is that the presence of these officers in European ports has diminished in a great degree the danger of the introduction of cholera and other diseases from those ports. Their relations in one or two instances with the foreign governments were in danger of being strained, but this danger has been averted both by their tact and good judgment, and because of the all-powerful United States law, which practically says to foreign officials that should they object to the official acts of these officers, the alternative is the refusal of the bill of health and the cutting off of all commerce between their ports and the United States."

So as to give these consuls and medical officers at the seaports selected for embarkation full information, the United States consuls in the interior have been instructed by the State Department to notify consuls at ports of the prevalence of any contagious diseases in these interior places, and also when merchandise or passengers are about to leave or have left any section within their respective consulates. At the port of embarkation each immigrant is furnished with an instruction card giving his name, last residence, name of ship, port and date of departure, and a reference number relating to the manifest, which is required by the immigration regulations, and in which is contained further information regarding each immigrant. This card must bear the stamp of the consulate, and also be stamped or punched at the quarantine at the port of arrival, and again at the immigration depot, and it is to be held by the immigrant until he reaches his final point of destination. These inspection tickets and labels upon the baggage furnish the health officers of the interior States valuable information in regard to immigrants coming within their borders. This provision also ensures care and accuracy on the part of medical officers, and particularly on the part of United States consuls at ports where immigrants do not usually embark for the United States, but which may be sought by them in the hope of avoiding the enforcement of the stringent rules at ports where medical officers have been stationed.

The very great majority of foreign immigrants come through the port of New York, and as the quarantine is particularly efficient at this port the danger from cholera is very much lessened. But there are now twenty-three ports in the United States with steam-disinfecting chambers. Besides New York, these ports are Portland, Boston, Sandy Hook, Delaware Breakwater, Reed Island in the Delaware River, Cape Charles, Baltimore, Wilmington, North Carolina, Savannah, Black Beard Island, Georgia, Charleston, Dry Tortugas, Key West, Mullet Keys, Pensacola, Mobile, Chandler Island, New Orleans, Galveston, San Diego, San Francisco, and Port Townsend. Ten of these ports are national quarantine stations, and there is a provision in the law that if a State wishes to surrender the use of its quarantine buildings and disinfecting apparatus to the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to receive them, and pay a reasonable compensation to the State for their use. The precautions in the ports are almost as thorough as it is possible to make them.

There seemed to be a danger, however, by reason of immigration through Canada. The Canadian laws do not provide for the inspection and sanitation of ships and passengers at foreign ports, and it was feared on this account there would be a large deflection of immigration to Canada. But this danger has been reduced to a minimum by the regulations of the Canadian government. Forty miles below Quebec, in the St. Lawrence River, is the Grosse Isle quarantine station, with perfect apparatus for scientific disinfection and accommodations for the sick and those suspected of infection. This station is reserved for infected vessels. Farther up the river, at Quebec, is the Louise Embankment, where is located a complete disinfecting plant; while at Point Levis, directly opposite, is located another. All immigrants, whether from infected or non-infected countries and though coming on non-infected vessels, are obliged to undergo inspection at one of these points, and all their baggage is disinfected. Further than this, through the courtesy of the Canadian authorities, there are representatives of the United States Marine Hospital Service stationed at Quebec for the purpose of inspecting and disinfecting and labelling the baggage, and giving certificates to immigrants bound for the United States. Thus it would seem that protection against the introduction of cholera through Canada is as complete as it can be made.

The officer charged with the enforcement of the national quarantine keeps a hydrographic map upon which he traces the progress of any contagious disease in any part of the world, taking his facts from the reports of consuls and the telegrams in the public press. In this way, bearing in mind the degree of efficiency in dealing with such diseases in the various countries, he is able to anticipate the course of such a disease in any part of the world. It is interesting to know that last summer, when the presence of cholera in Hamburg was still denied by the authorities at that city, Dr. Jenkins, from the quarantine station in New York, compelled the acknowledgment by the authorities that cholera had reached Hamburg. His map showed the course of cholera directly towards that city, and by insisting upon a report from there, through the State Department, the facts were at last given to the public. Dr. Wyman, from his office in Washington, takes careful cognizance of the health of the people all over the world, and is therefore prepared to act with intelligence whenever there is likelihood that any contagious or infectious disease may be imported into this country. American security depends upon the vigilant application of scientific precautions, and there is every reason to believe that such are now being taken.

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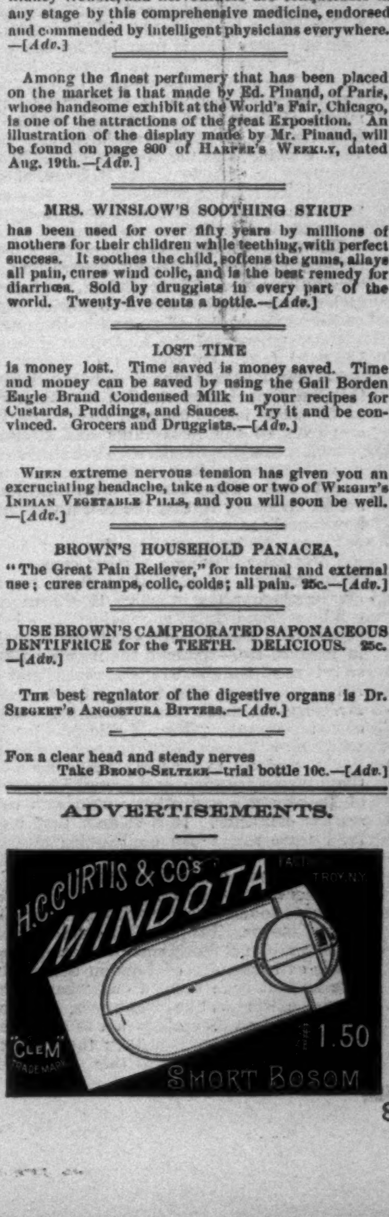

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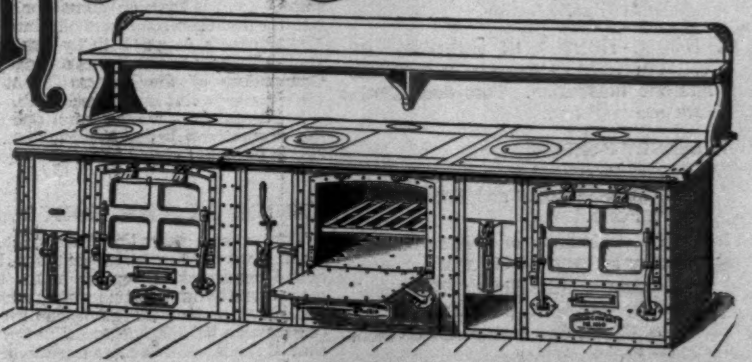

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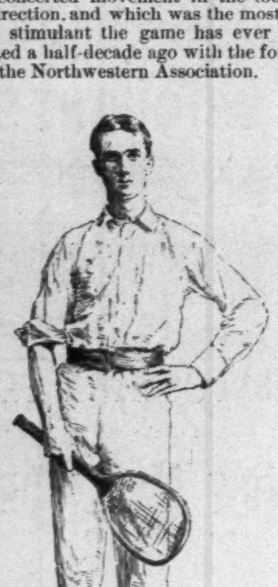
It is beautifully made from a rich design, the decorations being bacchanalian. The cup is 12 inches high, and weighs 94 ounces.

TENNIS IN THE NORTHWEST.

THERE were sporadic attempts at tennis throughout the Northwest years ago, but the actual concerted movement in the tournament direction, and which was the most important stimulant the game has ever had, originated a half-decade ago with the formation of the Northwestern Association. Minneapolis and St. Paul have been the focal points in play, Lake Minnetonka the place of the tourneys.


G. K. BELDEN.
Winner of Northwestern Championship 1890, 1891, and 1893. Minneapolis Tennis Club.

During these five years tennis has made marked advancement in the Northwest. There are to-day very many more learning players, a greater proportionate number of middle-class players—the average club members, who enjoy the spirited tournaments, but whose enthusiasm is more steadily manifested in the privacy of club or home courts—and there is among the crack players, perhaps, a more marked increase than in any other grade. While the really good players four or five years ago were to be counted in small numbers, there is to-day in the Northwestern Association a large and growing field of fine and improving players.

One of the most satisfying things about the growth and development of tennis in the Northwest is the apparent determination to advance the standard. Many matches show wretchedly raw playing: that is nothing indigenous perhaps to this soil, and there is room for improvement in the style and form and methods of the best players in the section. The same may be said, it is not unfair to note in passing, of any portion of the tennis ball terrestrial. On the whole, the outlook for the best tennis which is playable has never been so bright in the Northwest as it is to-day. The rare excellence of the game, its freedom from fraud, its endorsement by the people who represent best citizenship—these points have been pivotal.

The fifth annual tournament of the Northwestern Association, held at Lake Minnetonka July 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, was in point of general excellence of playing the best of the series. There were more really excellent players in both doubles and singles than were ever entered before, and the playing was of high grade. There was poor playing in plenty—with a quite large entry of players unused to the novelty and the excitement of participation in a tournament; this is inevitable—but there was much that was brilliant, and occasional events worthy any courts in America.

The principal entries were from Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. The results of the tournament were quite satisfactory to the home contingent, as Belden of Minneapolis won the Northwestern championship away from Victor Elting, of Chicago, who took it from Belden last season, and who had held it since '90. Belden won the tournament in singles, and then played Elting for the customary championship of the Northwest, the score in this last standing 5–7, 6–4, 8–6, and 6–4. In the tournament doubles the Minneapolis men also defeated all their visitors, Jayne and Cook beating their last competitors in the finals, Wrenn and H. Elting, of Chicago, in a hot fight, the score standing at the close 6–3, 6–2, 11–9. The consolation singles was won by Wrenn over Knickerbocker, both of Chicago, and the consolation doubles by Barney and Matteson over Morris and Chase, all of Minneapolis. The social side of the tournament was not neglected, and there were balls and receptions, a german, and the annual tennis hop, the most interesting of the society of tennis week.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDES.

ENTHUSIASTIC friends of the World's Fair believe that during its latter half there will occasionally be not less than five hundred thousand visitors in a day to Jackson Park. Probably on some days there will be as many as this; but more often than not, no doubt, there will be more than one hundred thousand, and quite frequently more than two hundred thousand. At least four in every five visitors to the Park require a meal during each visit, for very few indeed care to journey so far and stay so short a time that it will not be too long to fast. Unfortunately for the comfort of eaters at such places of entertainment, the desire for food comes upon nearly all at the same time, and therefore the eating-places at luncheon and dinner time are apt to be crowded, no matter how great the accommodations may be. The concessions for furnishing food, drink, and tobacco were lumped together, and very naturally most eagerly sought. This combination of concessions is regarded by many as the most valuable that the directory had to offer. The idea of endeavoring to feed such multitudes of people is appalling to the minds of those not accustomed to deal in large figures. But the probable profits were very alluring, and the Wellington Catering Company (of which Albert S. Gage, of the Wellington Hotel, is president), who obtained the concession, is considered very lucky by many more than their competitors.

ALBERT S. GAGE.

The concessionnaires arranged for a total restaurant space of 400,000 square feet, or about nine acres. Their kitchen, workshop, and storage warehouse is two stories high, and occupies a plat of ground in the southwestern portion of the exposition grounds 150×400 feet. To give some idea of the quantities of food that are distributed from this building, I may mention that the meat of 50 cattle is cut up each day. For the employés of the restaurants and kitchens there is a boarding-house with a dining-room in which 2000 waiters, cooks, carvers, etc., may be fed. These extensive arrangements are all necessary so that the multitudes may be properly served.

There are a large number of restaurants of the first class, having a seating capacity of 5000 persons. In addition to these, numerous lunch-counters, at which 10,000 persons can be accommodated at one time, have been provided. Other facilities—tables and chairs in loggias, etc.—increase the number 2000; so it is seen that about 17,000 persons may be fed at one time. The first-class restaurants Mr. Gage has made of a type as high as his city restaurant, "The Wellington," with which even the most fastidious *gourmet* would find it difficult to quarrel. The prices in these places are such as those which prevail at Delmonico's and other restaurants of a similar character. It is seldom that more than three relays can be handled in these particular restaurants, for men who order delicate food usually eat deliberately. In the other eating-places popular prices obtain. It is hard to define what this term "popular prices" means. People of the careful habits of the traditional Scotchman, who complained of the extravagance of London because before he had been there a day "bang went saxpence," do not like these prices, and probably think that they ought not to enjoy any kind of popularity. But then there are not in all probability many of this type of visitors at the fair. Those who go generally do so, I fancy, prepared to pay the shot, and determined to have a good time regardless of expense. The cooking for the restaurants of this class is plain as distinguished from that modified French cookery which in America excites the admiration of even the *bon-vivants* from the Old World. Probably six relays can be fed in these popular restaurants. The marvellous celerity with which food is consumed at lunch-counters in this country has long excited the wonder of those who have looked in, say, at the Astor House rotunda in New York at about one o'clock in the day.

With their forces always in good working order, the Wellington Company are able to care for the greatest crowds which have yet visited the fair. JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A SURVIVAL IN VIRGINIA.

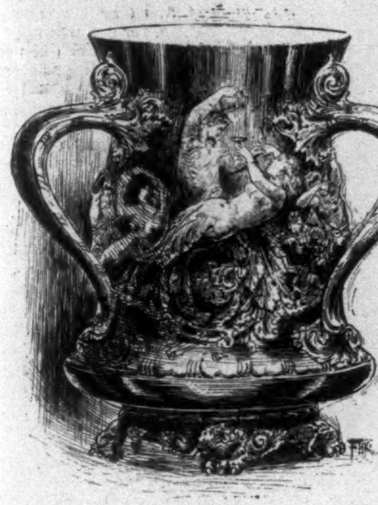
IF the theory of the survival of the fittest is really as good a theory as it is cracked up to be, we may expect to see a tendency in the negro population of the South to develop and persist according to a pattern of which a good type is Isaac Jenkins, of Beamon Station, Virginia. Mr. Cartwright of that place has had twelve horses poisoned within a year. Suspicion fell upon Isaac Jenkins. Somebody had poisoned the horses: that was clear. But Isaac was somebody; that was also clear. That Isaac poisoned the horses was a logical deduction too obvious to be avoided; the more so as he had once been tried for breaking into a house, but not convicted. So, partly as a penalty, partly as a precautionary measure, twenty-five of the neighbors put handcuffs on Isaac, hanged him to a tree, fired sundry bullets into him, and left him dangling in the breeze.

But Isaac Jenkins was not satisfied. Noticing that the crowd had gone away and that the place was lonely, he took his knife out of his trousers pocket and cut himself down, and walked off into the woods. That was on Saturday night, the 15th of July ultimo. On Monday the 17th he introduced himself to the police at Norfolk, twenty miles distant, and requested that his handcuffs might be taken off. It was done, and attention was paid to two bullet-holes in his neck and to divers lacerations of his scalp, and the last news of him was that he was doing very well, and would recover. Of the various sorts of Southern negro the fittest to survive is perhaps the one who can avoid even the suspicion of misdemeanor. But the next fittest, or at least the next likeliest, would seem to be of the type of Isaac Jenkins. It seems to take a negro of fair intelligence to keep surely clear, in these days, of entanglement in the logical processes of his Southern neighbors, but if he is hardy and persistent enough to survive a reasonable amount of hanging and shooting, he may live to grow up and perpetuate his species. It must be the occasional obstinacy of such negroes as Jenkins that prompts the notable thoroughness of disciplinary method of which there have recently been some striking cases in the South. Take, for example, the case of Lee Walker, who was lately dealt with in Memphis. After he had been gashed with knives and hanged, his body was burned, and the remnants of it were dragged about the streets by the populace, so that it finally required no small diligence on the part of the county undertaker to assemble remains enough for appropriate action by the coroner.

It is proper to say that in Walker's case, although the crime of the negro was very gross, and his guilt apparently unquestioned, the local press of Memphis earnestly reprobates the manner of his taking off. It is a mere platitude to add that the local press is right, and that even so bad and dangerous a criminal can hardly in any case do a community as much damage as it incurs by taking him out of the hands of the law and making his execution an orgie of drunkenness and blood.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The National Lawn-tennis Tournament being held this week at Newport, for the American championship, is likely to prove even more interesting in its third, fourth, and fifth rounds than last year, though that is saying a great deal, for the fourth round of the '92 tournament was better than any Newport had ever seen. Comment is made on these early rounds to record the improvement in the general average of play. In 1891, for instance, the fourth round had E. L. Hall and Clarence Hobart, C. T. Lee and V. G. Hall, F. H. Hovey and A. W. Post, J. S. Clark and M. D. Smith; the Hobart-Hall match was a close one, but the others were won with more or less ease, though we all remember how Post surprised Hovey, who was loafing through the game, by taking the first set.

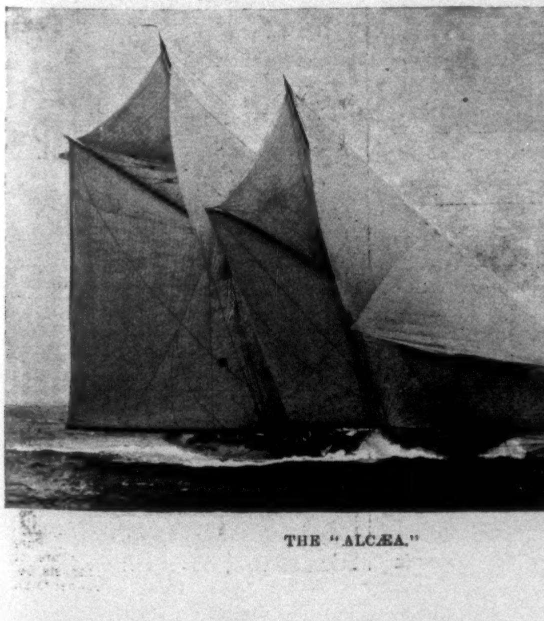


THE WELD CUP.

Last year the fourth round was a notable one, bringing together Stevens and Hovey, E. L. Hall and S. T. Chase, W. A. Larned and V. G. Hall, and Wrenn and Fielding; while the following round with Wrenn and Hovey and E. L. Hall and Larned will long be remembered.

Though lawn-tennis seems to be losing a little of its general popularity, it is a satisfaction to note this improvement in standard at our national tournament. It would be infinitely more gratifying if we saw more new faces among the contestants in the first and second rounds. Players of the West and South should receive encouragement from the Association to come to Newport each year, whether they remain in until the last rounds or not. It looks as if the future success of the national tournament depended to a large extent upon making interest in its results as widespread as possible; the developing work of the Association should be far-reaching. There is no doubt that in the sections of the East where the game has centred interest the last two years has been waning rather than waxing, and it simply means that the soil has been worked over and over until it no longer responds to the tiller's care. We weary of even a good thing, and the officers of the Association should take the lesson of the last two years and profit thereby. Nowadays it takes a match between the very best in the land to attract spectators, and that is quite as it should be here where we have so much of it. At Newport, Longwood, Narragansett, Southampton, and Saratoga we want to see the best, and the best only, and the Association need never concern itself about the success of these tournaments; its mission does not lay in this direction, but in that where the second and third class men are striving to reach a higher standard of play. These are the ones who will one day be our best players, and we would not wish their skill to be a retrogression of the national grade of to-day.

Everything should be done to make the Newport tournament national in fact as well as in name; there are players in the West and in the South fitted to enter and make a good showing; they require encouragement. This year it looks as if we should have one or two representative Western players, and the interest in their several matches will be apparent; if we could occasionally have a foreign entry it would do much to fire young players with enthusiasm. Canada is very near us, and in this year of the World's Fair it seems as if some effort to have had over one of the great English players, Pim, Mahoney, Hillyard, or the Renshaws, whose tennis sun, however, is setting, might have been successful. It cannot be denied that there is need for some attention to these facts by the Association, for the falling off in general play, *i. e.*, on private courts, shows that there is a ripple of boredom on the surface which must not be permitted to become a wave. Devoting some attention to sectional tournaments that will bring out and encourage local players is the surest and easiest antidote to tennis ennui yet discovered. To go farther and induce the champions of these sections to enter at Newport would be to put such life in the game and interest in the national tournament as it has not seen since the first success of its American début. The Association took at least two steps in the right direction this year in holding the national championship in doubles on Chicago courts, and in drawing the Interscholastic tournament to Newport. It will give the boys an incentive that must result in greatly improved play and an increased entry list. This is the best kind of missionary work, for to these lads we look for our future champions.

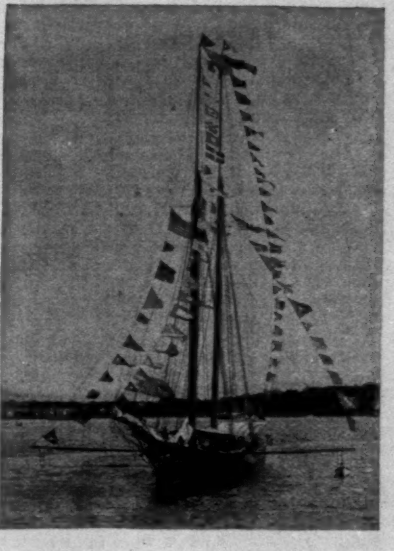


THE "ALCÆA."

Whoever wins the All Comers this year will probably have a harder struggle than Hovey did last year when he defeated Larned, or Hobart the year before in beating Hovey. About three weeks ago Hobart was playing in the best form he has ever shown, and the All Comers seemed his almost beyond peradventure. But at Chicago he began to show symptoms of unsteadiness, and that was followed by his being defeated the next week at Southampton by Larned, and again the week following by Budlong, a good improving player, but not in the same class with Hobart. The sore finger he had cannot be held entirely accountable for Hobart's loss of form, and I am inclined to believe that he simply went stale, and with a rest will attain his form again this week at Newport. And yet it may be possible he played on edge too long, and that there has been no time for him to rest properly and come back to his form of the early season. Such a matter depends to a large extent on a man's disposition, and that can only be told after a test. If Hobart were to meet O. S. Campbell this week, it would be my judgment that this reversal of form could not be overcome, and that Hobart would surely lose, since the uncertainty of his game against Campbell's would be intensified by recent defeats, while Campbell's disposition is such that he plays his best with defeat staring him in the face. But that is idle speculation, for Hobart will not meet Campbell this week, even if he does win the All Comers, as the present champion will not defend his title.

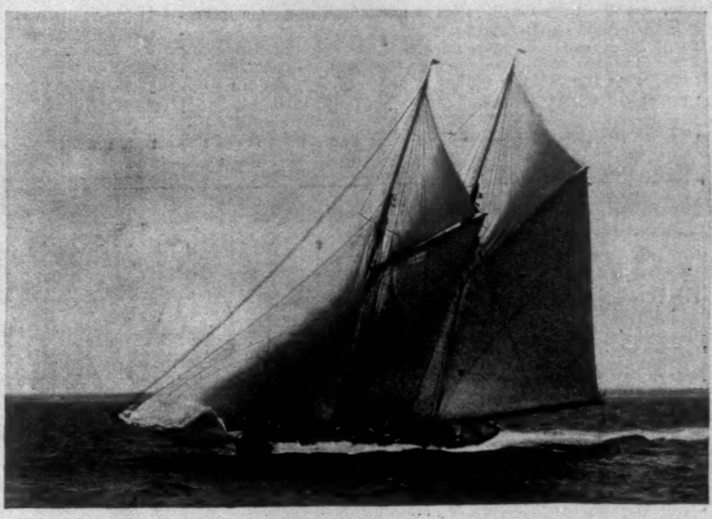
At the time Hobart went stale, Hovey, his greatest rival, was playing at his best, and has continued in the most formidable form he has shown this season. With Hobart out of the way there would be no question of choice as to the winner of the tournament, but although his game is the most brilliant of any player on the courts, he invariably falls a prey to Hobart. He never seems able to play his hardest against the New-Yorker, and his game is usually brilliant and ordinary by turns, while Hobart's remains hard and fast throughout. If Hovey could sustain his brilliant streaks no man in America could win from him. But then these "ifs" and "ands" are what go to make up a man's game, whether in tennis or football. The fact remains that Hovey has not shown that he can keep his brilliant pace, and he suffers defeat in consequence. Hobart has beaten him every time they have met this year, and appears not only to have Hovey's game down to a nicety, but also to have impressed that fact upon Hovey himself. If these two meet in the final round and Hobart is in form, all precedents will be undone if Hobart does not win the All Comers' Cup. If, however, Hobart falls by the way-side, as he did last year, and as he is likely to do again if he meets Larned, Knapp, or E. L. Hall, if Hovey in this last week gets into form, and Hobart does not, then Hovey appears to be the most probable winner of the tournament. Unless it is Knapp, who would stick to him until Hovey was unnerved, there is no man in the tournament who can defeat him, and it is very doubtful if Knapp's endurance and remarkable returning of apparently safely placed balls would even this year, as Hovey has been playing, serve to undo him.

Larned is a brilliant player, like Hovey, and his game is very similar to the Harvard man's, with the difference that he seems to have a reckless dash, which suggests a hit-or-miss style of play, though careful watching convinces the observer that he goes for his stroke every time. He has somewhat the same disposition as Hovey, and is apt in meeting a better man to grow careless after a miss or two, but his play the last couple of weeks points to much improvement in this respect. At the beginning of the season his form was far below that of last year, and he played rather indifferently until the Seabright (New Jersey) tournament, when for the first time he gave evidence of not having forgotten those brilliant 'cross-court drives that he used with such telling effect in his match with E. L. Hall at Newport in '92. He followed up his Seabright work with continued good play, and at Southampton created a sensation by defeating Hobart, and then E. L. Hall, who was the holder of the cup. He is a clever player, and will make a strong fight for the Newport honors in the last round, no matter whoever may be his opponent. Should it happen to be Hovey or Hobart, the match would be a struggle from first to last, but it hardly seems likely he could defeat either of these men—Hobart, because of his harder and steadier game, and Hovey, because of his superior brilliancy. A match between Hovey and Larned must always be interesting, because of the similarity of their games. Neither Wrenn, Chace, nor E. L. Hall can win against Larned, though speculation on the result of a tennis match is almost if not quite as uncertain as betting on the red or black of a wheel of fortune. Form changes so frequently, and such a very little deviation from normal makes a great difference in results. If all the men play up to their form, Larned will not get so far in the tournament this year as last, despite the fact that he may play a better game.



THE OLD "DAUNTLESS" IN SUNDAY DRESS.

It will be interesting to follow the fortunes of Malcolm Chace and R. D. Wrenn through the tournament. Up to a couple of weeks ago neither of them has been playing his best game, but two weeks ago, at Wentworth, Chace took a great brace, and defeated Wrenn in a match that showed the most brilliant tennis he has ever played. If he strikes a streak of that kind at Newport, there is no telling where he may finish, but he should not get past Hobart, Hovey, or Larned. Wrenn and he have been at it all the season, and the former has defeated him in every match, I believe, until at Wentworth. Wrenn is another player of the Hovey type; he is brilliant at times and poor at others, and a confirmed net-player. At no time this year has he shown the form he played in against Knapp, whom he defeated after the longest match on record. There is no evidence in his '93 playing that he could repeat that conquest, and his late games make it dubious whether he could win from Chace, although he plays with more head and shows his greater experience. If he does as well as last year, he will have reason for congratulation.



THE "CONSTELLATION."

W. P. Knapp may be the disturbing element in this arrangement, and nothing definite can be said of his game or his chances, because really nobody can tell what he may or may not do. He is likely to go through to the final round, and he is quite likely to be defeated by Chace or Wrenn before he even gets a cut at Hobart, Hovey, or Larned. So far as his game is concerned, it is not up to any one of the leaders; it is good hard tennis, made formidable because of his endurance, like Richard Stevens, and his notable cleverness in making returns. Campbell is about the only man who would not be worried by Knapp, as he could stand coolly at the net and place all around him; but the others have not yet exhibited either that nerve or skill. Knapp has defeated Larned, and he gave Hobart at the time he was at his tip-top form, at Saratoga, a rather uneasy quarter of an hour. It is hard to say what he would do with Larned; certainly the latter's game is much more skilful, and it would only be a question of his keeping his head on his shoulders and his eye on the ball. Against Wrenn or Chace it would resolve itself into a toss-up as to the winner, so that it simply comes down to the fact that no one can tell just where Knapp will land, or how he may upset calculations. I do not believe, however, he could win again from Hovey, and certainly not from Hobart, so that if he reaches the semifinals he will be doing as much as can be expected.

Richard Stevens is another player, somewhat after Knapp, who will make a good showing and get down to the last rounds, but his game could never win against Larned, certainly not if the latter was in any kind of form; and yet Stevens has defeated some of the best men on the courts. However, he adheres too rigidly to the back-line game to win against those who combine that style with net-play when the opportunity affords.

NO ACCOUNT HAS BEEN TAKEN in this running over the outlook of E. L. Hall, for the reason that his work at this writing has not warranted even his most ardent admirers assigning him a place over Larned, and the Cornell man surely stands between any other and Hobart and Hovey, while there are Knapp, Chace, and Wrenn to get through even before attaining the distinction of challenging Larned. E. L. Hall is not himself this year; he began in poor form, and kept on playing when indisposition should have prompted his total rest. He is playing at Narragansett while I am writing these paragraphs at Newport, and his form during the week should go largely to show whether he is likely to do himself justice in the national tournament. From his showing in the first matches, however, he has made very slight advance towards his old form, and may consider himself in luck if he is able to get half-way through the rounds this week. This is to be regretted, as Hall was looked upon as one of those most likely to make a strong bid for the All Comers this year. His brother, V. G., has also gone entirely off his form this year. While he has not been regarded among the possibilities of the All-Comer winners in the past two years, he has always been a consistent performer, who could be counted on to make any one play his best game to win. He won his way to the semifinals last year and the year, before, but it is doubtful if he can do as much this year.

IN THIS CONNECTION let us give a few words of praise to those sportsmen like V. G. Hall and W. P. Knapp, who, while in earnest pursuit of the delusive dollar in their respective professions, have yet had enough love for the sport to get a few hours' practice here and there, and to enter the national and other tournaments. It is easy enough for the young man who has not yet settled down to the business of life to spend as many hours as he likes in practice, and the balance of the day in search of pleasure or rest, but he who has taken his place in the tread-mill of this work-a-day world is the one who deserves credit for persisting in his play. To all such I can only say, from personal experience, keep it up; never, so long as you can find even a half-hour here and there to steal from pleasure and business, fail to put in some time, at least, in physical exercise; it is a panacea that never fails, and to the brain-worker it appeals with peculiarly strong significance. This is a digression that may strike many as irrelevant, but it is not; it is the very essence of a happy, useful life, and the writer is emphatic on the subject, because he has experienced its benefits. Many are the times he has wearily dragged one leg after the other from his desk into the gym for a half-hour's work with the foils or gloves or at wrestling; and, in summer, at swimming, tennis, or rowing, to find his head cleared, his mind relaxed, and himself in a far better condition to pick up the lines of his work. So long as a man is able to stand on his legs and use his arms he will increase his force, whether he be banker, lawyer, doctor, or journalist, by getting a certain amount of exercise daily.

BACK TO TENNIS AGAIN. We shall very likely this week miss three of the most prominent players of recent years—H. W. Slocum, Jun., R. P. Huntington, and P. S. Sears. All three have been passed in the progress of the game, or, probably, it would be fairer to say that they have stopped and allowed the game to go on without them. Slocum, after his defeat for the championship by Campbell, retired until last year, when he reappeared on the Saratoga courts, and made a good showing. Encouraged by this, no doubt, he entered at Newport, and won from Ryerson, but in the third round met Larned, and was defeated, succeeding in getting only a set. Huntington has done practically nothing for two years—last season at Newport being defeated by M. D. Smith in straight sets. Sears met V. G. Hall in the first round, and was defeated. It is too bad these three have not followed the example of V. G. Hall and Knapp, and kept up their playing, for with good practice there is no reason why they should not make a stand even to-day. With the passing of the old, however, comes the new, and it is much to be wished for that the Neels of Chicago will be seen on the Newport courts this week. One of them particularly is a player who will make it interesting for Chace or Wrenn. H. W. Taylor, Jun., the ex-champion of California, and Hubbard (these men, by-the-way, are not the double champions of California) may play, though they have already shown that their game is not fast enough for the second-rate players of the East.

TENNIS AT NARRAGANSETT PIER the past week has shown to a marked degree that uncertain element which may this week cut a large figure in the national championship at Newport. Larned, Chace, E. L. Hall, and Stevens were the notable single entries, while Hobart and Wrenn and Champion Campbell played in the doubles, both Hobart and Wrenn resting for Newport. The second day saw Marion Wright making an unusual stand against Stevens, who finally beat him—7–5, 3–6, 7–5, while Chace beat Budlong in two straight and brilliant sets—7–5, 6–2. E. L. Hall has been playing so poorly lately that when he won from Stevens in the third round, 4–6, 11–9, 6–1, there was some hope of his coming around in his usual form. He played like himself for the first time this season, and really in the third set walked right through Stevens.

It was somewhat expected that Chace would win from E. L. Hall, in a match which showed some brilliant work by the Providence boy and inaccurate playing by Hall. Chace won in two straight sets—6–3, 6–4. Chace has been playing brilliantly the last two weeks, but his game did not warrant the victory over Larned he acquired in the finals at Narragansett. It took five sets—6–4, 3–6, 6–8, 6–1, 6–0; but although Chace did well, Larned's game was below his standard. These victories will encourage Chace, and make him a more dangerous factor this week, but he should not win from Larned. It would not be surprising to see Hall pull into good form.

THE FINISH OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB cruise very much lacked the *éclat* of the start, the fleet diminishing rapidly after the Goelet Cup drift. On Thursday night there were about two hundred and ten yachts in Newport Harbor. By Sunday two-thirds of them had disappeared, and only forty went into New Bedford from Vineyard Haven. The present straitened condition of business, of course, has a great deal to do with the apparent indifference, but a large factor seems to be the restriction of interest to the performances of the racers. Although the New York Yacht Club fleet was small in the last days of the cruise, it contained the best of the lot; *Dauntless, Constellation, Yampa, Ramona, Volunteer, Alcæa, Lasca, Mayflower, Atlantic, Ariel, Shamrock, Katrina, Bedouin, Huron, Hildegarde, Queen Mab, Wasp, Harpoon, Jessica, Fortuna, Maraquita, Eclipse,* and *Neæra* have all stuck to the course faithfully, and made some good runs in the light airs that prevailed for a greater number of the runs. *Emerald* failed to put in an appearance often enough to redeem herself for the poor performances of the first days, and *Carmita*, after a couple of brushes with *Wasp*, gave it up, for she was not nearly so fast on any point of sailing. *Queen Mab* did not miss a run, and won almost every time the conditions permitted of no fluke. *Constellation* and *Volunteer* both did first-class work, and the *Lasca* and *Alcæa* raced actually neck and neck on every run, one winning one day and the other the next. The *Alcæa* is an infinitely improved boat over last year, and Mr. Clark is to be congratulated for sticking to her after her 1892's discouraging showing. *Lasca* is about the same good craft she was last year. *Ariel* is a successful boat, and her all-round work on the cruise was of the best.

THE RUN FROM NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN was the beginning of the end, the fleet being considerably smaller than that which had sailed into Newport two days before. The wind, starting off well, flattened out at the Vineyard Sound Light, and then sprang up again, so that the run to the finish was lively. *Vigilant, Jubilee,* and *Colonia* had a good race from a pretty start, and while the Paine boat in the stiff breeze at the Brenton Reef was pointing higher, both the others outfooted her, until just before reaching the Vineyard Haven Light, when the wind lightened, and *Jubilee* went ahead of the *Colonia;* the *Vigilant* had in the mean time gained quite half a mile on both of them. They held these positions for a time, but as the breeze freshened the *Colonia* began to draw up on the *Jubilee*, and finally passed her. So the order remained until West Chop was reached, when the *Jubilee*, under her spinnaker, again passed *Colonia*, and beat her home a few seconds. The *Vigilant* had steadily increased her lead, and crossed the line over ten minutes before *Jubilee*. The other winners were *Constellation, Lasca, Shamrock* (beating *Ariel* on time allowance), *Katrina, Queen Mab,* and *Harpoon*. The *Harpoon* pleased Boston men mightily by her fine sailing on this run. She had it out with *Wasp*, and beat her fairly, crossing the line full four minutes before last year's queen of the 46-foot class.

FROM VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD there was no interest in the performance of the cup-defenders, for both *Colonia* and *Jubilee* withdrew, and left *Vigilant* to sail alone. *Vigilant* made a fine run in the 21-knot beat to windward, and finished about 35 minutes ahead of the fleet, although she started last. The interest of the day centred

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in what *Ariel* and *Shamrock* and *Wasp* and *Harpoon* would do, and in each case the better boat won. *Ariel* more than evened up matters for the beating *Shamrock* had given her the day before on time allowance, and won by half an hour. *Wasp* had a fight for it, but finally crossed about 5 minutes ahead of her Boston rival. *Alcæa* was not handled to the best advantage, or she might have won in her class. The winners were *Constellation*, *Volunteer* (which did fine work and outsailed both *Alcæa* and *Lasca*), *Ariel*, *Queen Mab*, *Wasp*, and *Neæra*.

In the sail from New Bedford back to Newport the cup-defenders were not represented by even the *Vigilant*, and the run was devoid of interest, until at its end, when the remarkable finish of every one of the boats within five minutes and forty-five seconds from first to last made a record that has never been equalled. This happened through first one and then another of the fleet catching and losing the fitful wind, which bunched them. The winners on this run were *Ramona*, *Alcæa*, *Shamrock*, *Huron*, *Queen Mab*, or possibly *Fredonia* on allowance, and *Jessica*.

THE MOST PRONOUNCED FEATURE of the Astor Cup races off Newport was probably the uniform failure to start them on time. The first one, on Thursday, started half an hour late, and the second on Friday an hour late. The latter might not have been the fizzle it was if the start had been made at ten o'clock—or even at the advertised time, eleven—as there was a fair sailing breeze all morning, but at noon it had flattened out. Promptness has not been a notable incident of this year's New York Yacht Club cruise, Commodore Morgan not having followed the excellent example of ex-Commodore Gerry in this respect. All races could be started at 9 or 10 just as easily as at 11 or 12, and surer breezes and better sport would result.

The Goelet Cup races having been a fizzle, these Astor Cup events were regarded as a means of determining the much-vexed question as to the best all-round boat of the four cup-defenders.

IT WAS A FINE START, with the *Jubilee* as usual going over the line first, and the *Pilgrim*, *Colonia*, and *Vigilant* following with only seconds between them, and the last two to the windward. All had set baby jib-topsails as they crossed the line except *Jubilee*, which was a little slow in putting hers out. At the start *Pilgrim* walked away from *Jubilee*, and for a few moments it looked as if she was going to turn out the marvel so many Boston men proclaimed her. But her triumph was short-lived, for the *Jubilee* began to draw up on her, and to the astonishment of every one the *Pilgrim* seemed to slip to leeward all the time. It has been thought that if the *Pilgrim* was in any particular superior to the others, it would be in working to windward and quickness in going about. But the first race for the Astor cups proved her to be inferior in both points. She kept falling away, and finally left the others, and on the port tack stood off to the southward, passing astern of the *Vigilant*. In the first half-hour of the race the *Jubilee* outfooted both *Colonia* and *Vigilant*, while the latter gained steadily on the *Colonia*, until at twelve she was on even terms; shortly after which they all tacked, the *Vigilant* holding the windward position. Both the New York boats began to draw away from *Jubilee* at this point, and for a time the *Colonia* got such a move on that she seemed likely to walk through *Vigilant's* lee; but steadily the Morgan-Iselin boat continued to pull ahead, while the *Jubilee* began in her turn to draw up on the *Colonia*. The race between these two was close throughout, neither being assured of the place until the line was crossed.

WHEN "PILGRIM" TACKED BACK it was seen that she had evidently found a little more breeze than the *Colonia* and *Jubilee*, for she crossed the *Colonia's* bow, and weathered the *Jubilee*, but had lost to the *Vigilant*. For a bit the *Pilgrim* did some good work, pointing very high, apparently too high, as she was eased off, but the others all gained on her, until at the mark she had lost more than she had picked up. *Jubilee* just before reaching the mark did pretty work, and passed *Colonia*, and got within an eighth of a mile of *Vigilant*. Short tacks brought them to the mark. *Vigilant* went around it first, and crossed the *Pilgrim's* bow, but took five minutes to break out her spinnaker. *Jubilee* must have lost a full minute by going so far to windward; she made a beautiful turn of the mark, five minutes after *Vigilant*, and spun around almost in her length, minding her tiller handsomely. A minute later *Colonia* went around, and three minutes afterwards *Pilgrim* followed. Every one was waiting for the Stewart and Binney boat, expecting to see her spin around like a top, but she created a sensation by making the worst turn of the lot, and a very bad one at that, seeming not to answer her helm.

THE RUN HOME BEFORE THE WIND furnished a mild surprise in the fact that both *Jubilee* and *Colonia* gained a minute on *Vigilant*, due, to some extent, to the poor handling of the Morgan boat near the finish, which stood so far in-shore that she was obliged to take in spinnaker and gybe for the line. Probably if she had kept on a true course she would have added a little to her gain over the others, for undoubtedly no one of the boats is so fast down the wind. The *Pilgrim* continued to fall behind, and at half past three broke the gaff of her mainsail and the club of her topsail, and was towed in. The *Jubilee* and *Colonia* finished within a minute of each other, four and five minutes behind the *Vigilant*.

THE RESULT OF THE FIRST ASTOR CUP RACE, therefore, may be taken as a good honest test of the cup-defenders' qualities. The *Colonia* has now been seen in all kinds of weather, and behaved herself handsomely in each. She is a good boat, stiffer than *Vigilant*, but not quite so good in windward work. *Jubilee* has not yet been tested in a heavy breeze. *Vigilant* has shown superiority in windward work, in a good sailing breeze, in running before the wind, in a reach, and in drifting. In her one chance to show what she could do in a heavy blow she was wrecked.

Both *Jubilee* and *Colonia* are so close together, that until thoroughly seasoned it would be hard to say which is the better. Indeed, such may be said of them all. *Vigilant* is a great boat, but the minutes she gains are probably due more to her Tobin bronze bottom than to her better sailing qualities. Some alterations in the other two before the trial races may change the present relations. *Jubilee* seems a good all-round boat, and one with more future than either of the others. They should be well tested in heavy weather before the cup-defender is finally chosen. One cannot help being apprehensive of those towering sticks and clouds of canvas in a strong blow, especially since the accident to *Vigilant* off Glen Cove, and the tender exhibition of *Navahoe* off Cowes. There was no wind for the second Astor Cup race, and it was declared to be sailed over on Saturday, but on that day there was likewise not enough wind to enable a finish inside the time limit of six hours. Another attempt will probably be made this week after the Corinthian sweepstakes. *Vigilant* was the leading boat both days. *Jubilee's* sails set badly in the first race, but they were afterward trimmed.

THE "NAVAHOE'S" PERFORMANCES AT COWES are very hard to understand without having seen her in the races. It can scarcely be that she has not been handled to the best advantage, and the logical conclusion seems that the Herreshoffs appear to have just missed making a fast boat of her, and they have laid themselves open to criticism by publishing a card in the newspapers, laying the blame of the boat's poor work on her sailing-master. In the mean time Mr. Carroll has changed captains, and in place of Barr has taken on Crocker, who sailed one of the *America's* Cup defenders to victory. He has had all along one of the best English pilots. If it has been in the handling of the boat, she will probably give a good account of herself later in the Cape May and Brenton Reef races. If she has shown her true form, however, she is a failure as a racer, which her early tenderness does not explain away.

Britannia has continued to do fine work, and *Calluna* has improved greatly. She must have been badly handled, for about every race records some accident to her.

Valkyrie is preparing for her trip over, and the *America's* Cup committee of the New York Yacht Club has at length shown consideration for Lord Dunraven, and changed the date of the international race from Oct. 5th to Sept. 28th.

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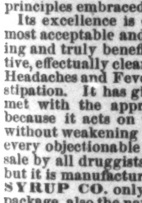

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